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Dec. 22, 1870.

* Daily. ‡ For Hackensack only. † For Piermont and Nyack only.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE INTERNATIONAL.

The interdiction of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S in the German Empire, first announced in *Appleton's Journal*, is confirmed by recent advices. The *World* telegram says that the interdiction is on account of our publication of the International papers. We congratulate the new Empire on its strength, by the grace of God, which thus fears the truth. We can but refer the Kaiser's admirers to Gamaliel's well-worn advice. The International has our sympathies, we are emphatically with a society that opposes Kaiserism in every shape, and lays its basis on—

The abolition of war.
National boundaries.
Unification of peoples and their interests.

The closing acts of the Paris commune which have stirred up the selfish fears of wealth are no necessary corollary of the International doctrine. When monarchs and presidents and organized soldiery abandon themselves to the excesses of lust, rapine and murder in the hour of triumph, and when a prime minister stirs up civil war and turns its horrors into jest and epigram, the frantic violence of the people in their day of despair may well stand excused. The Internationals deserve the sympathy and support of Americans.

ADDRESS OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE INTERNATIONAL WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

I.

On the 4th of September, 1870, when the workingmen of Paris proclaimed the Republic, which was almost instantaneously acclaimed throughout France, without a single voice of dissent, a cabal of place-hunting barristers, with Thiers for their statesman and Trochu for their general, took hold of the Hotel de Ville. At that time they were imbued with so fanatical a faith in the mission of Paris to represent France in all epochs of historical crises, that, to legitimatize their usurped titles as Governors of France, they thought it quite sufficient to produce their lapsed mandates as representatives of Paris. In our second address on the late war, five days after the rise of these men, we told you who they were. Yet, in the turmoil of surprise, with the real leaders of the working class still shut up in Bonapartist prisons and the Prussians already marching upon Paris, Paris bore with their assumption of power, on the express condition that it was to be wielded for the single purpose of national defense. Paris, however, was not to be defended without arming its working class, organizing them into an active force, and training their ranks by the war itself. But Paris armed was the Revolution armed. A victory of Paris over the Prussian aggressor would have been a victory of the French workman over the French capitalist and his State parasites. In this conflict between national duty and class interest, the Government of National Defense did not hesitate one moment to turn into a Government of National Defection.

The first step they took was to send Thiers on a roving tour to all the courts of Europe, there to beg mediation by offering the barter of the Republic for a king. Four months after the commencement of the siege, when they thought the opportune moment come for breaking the first word of capitulation, Trochu, in the presence of Jules Favre and others of his colleagues, addressed the assembled mayors of Paris in these terms:

"The first question put to me by my colleagues on the very evening of the 4th of September was this: Paris, can it, with any change of success stand a siege by the Prussian army? I did not hesitate to answer in the negative. Some of my colleagues here present will warrant the truth of my words and the persistence of my opinion. I told them, in these very terms, that, under the existing state of things, the attempt of Paris to hold out a siege by the Prussian army, would be a folly. Without a doubt, I added, it would be an heroic folly; but that would be all. * * The events (managed by himself) have not given the lie to my prevision." This nice little speech of Trochu was afterwards published by M. Corbon, one of the mayors present.

Thus, on the very evening of the proclamation of the Republic, Trochu's "plan" was known to his colleagues to be the capitulation of Paris. If national defense had been more than a pretext for the personal government of Thiers, Favre & Co., the upstarts of the 4th of September would have abdicated on the 5th—would have initiated the Paris people into Trochu's "plan," and called upon them to surrender at once, or to take their own fate into their own hands. Instead of this, the infamous impostors resolved upon curing the heroic folly of Paris by a regimen of famine and broken heads, and to dupe her in the meanwhile by ranting manifestoes, holding forth that Trochu, "the Governor of Paris, will never capitulate," and Jules Favre, the Foreign Minister, will "not cede [illegible] Paris into a heap of ruins washed by a sea of [illegible]

[illegible] upon such a consummation, some of the leading members of the Government of Defense had, besides, most peculiar reasons of their own.

Shortly after the conclusion of the armistice, M. Millière, one of the representatives of Paris to the National Assembly, now shot by express order of Jules Favre, published a series of authentic legal documents in proof that Jules Favre, living in concubinage with the wife of a drunkard [illegible] at Algiers, had, by a most daring concoction of forgeries, spread [illegible] years, contrived to grasp, in the name of the children of his [illegible] large succession, which made him a rich man, and that, in a [illegible] taken by the legitimate heirs, he only escaped exposure by the connivance of the Bonapartist tribunals. As these dry legal documents were not to be got rid of by any amount of rhetorical horse power, Jules Favre, for the first time in his life, held his tongue, quietly awaiting the outbreak of the civil war, in order, then, frantically to denounce the people of Paris as a band of escaped convicts in utter revolt against family, religion, order and property. This same forger had hardly got into power, after the 4th of September, when he sympathetically let loose upon society Pic and Taillefer, convicted, even under the Empire, of forgery, in the scandalous affair of the "Etendard." One of these men, Taillefer, having dared to return to Paris under the Commune, was at once reinstated in prison; and then Jules Favre exclaimed, from the tribune of the National Assembly, that Paris was setting free all her jail-birds!

Ernest Picard, the Joe Miller of the Government of National Defense, who appointed himself Home Minister of the Republic after having in vain striven to become the Home Minister of the Empire, is the brother of one Arthur Picard, an individual expelled from the Paris Bourse as a blackleg (see report of the Prefecture of Police, dated 13th July, 1867), and convicted, on his own confession, of a theft of 300,000 francs, while manager of one of the branches of the *Societe Generale*, rue Palestro, No. 5 (see report of the Prefecture of Police, 11th December, 1868). This Arthur Picard was made by Ernest Picard the editor of his paper, *l'Electeur Libre*. While the common run of stockjobbers were led astray by the official lies of this Home-Office paper, Arthur was running backward and forward between the Home Office and the Bourse, there to discount the disasters of the French army. The whole financial correspondence of that worthy pair of brothers fell into the hands of the Commune.

Jules Ferry, a penniless barrister before the 4th of September, contrived, as Mayor of Paris during the siege, to job a fortune out of famine. The day on which he would have to give an account of his maladministration would be the day of his conviction.

These men, then, could find, in the ruins of Paris only, their tickets-of-leave: they were the very men Bismarck wanted. With the help of some shuffling of cards, Thiers, hitherto the secret prompter of the Government, now appeared at its head, with the ticket-of-leave men for his Ministers.

Thiers, that monstrous gnome, has charmed the French bourgeoisie for almost half a century, because he is the most consummate intellectual expression of their own class-corruption. Before he became a statesman he had already proved his lying powers as an historian. The chronicle of his public life is the record of the misfortunes of France. Banded, before 1830, with the Republicans, he slipped into office under Louis Philippe by betraying his protector Lafitte, ingratiating himself with the king by exciting mob-riots against the clergy, during which the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois and the Archbishop's palace were plundered, and by acting the ministry spy upon, and the jail-accoucheur of, the Duchess de Berri. The massacre of the Republicans in the Rue Transnonain, and the subsequent infamous laws of September against the press and the right of association, were his work. Reappearing as the chief of the Cabinet in March, 1840, he astonished France with his plan of fortifying Paris. To the Republicans, who denounced this plan as a sinister plot against the liberty of Paris, he replied from the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies:

"What! to fancy that any works of fortification could ever endanger liberty! And first of all you calumniate any possible Government in supposing that it could some day attempt to maintain itself by bombarding the capital; * * * but that government would be a hundred times more impossible after its victory than before." Indeed, no Government would ever have dared to bombard Paris from the forts but that Government which had previously surrendered these forts to the Prussians.

When King Bomba tried his hand at Palermo, in January, 1848, Thiers, then long since out of office, again rose in the Chamber of Deputies: "You know, gentlemen, what is happening at Palermo. You, all of you, shake with horror [in the parliamentary sense] on hearing that during forty-eight hours a large town has been bombarded—by whom? Was it by a foreign enemy exercising the rights of war? No, gentlemen, it was by its own government. And why? Because that unfortunate town demanded its rights. Well, then, for the demand of its rights it has got forty-eight hours of bombardment. * * * Allow me to appeal to the opinion of Europe. It is doing a service to mankind to arise, and to make reverberate, from what is perhaps the greatest tribune in Europe, some words [indeed words] of indignation against such acts. * * * When the Regent Espartero, who had rendered services to his country [which M. Thiers never did], intended bombarding Barcelona in order to suppress its insurrection, there arose from all parts of the world a general outcry of indignation."

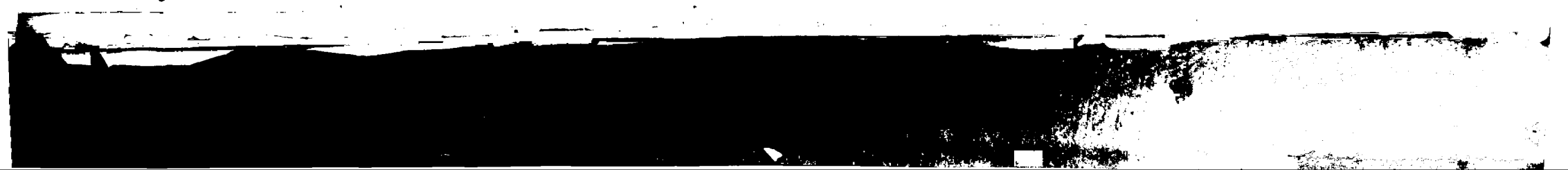
Eighteen months afterward; M. Thiers was amongst the fiercest defenders of the bombardment of Rome by a French army. In fact, the fault of King Bomba seems to have consisted in this only, that he limited his bombardment to forty-eight hours.

A few days before the Revolution of February, fretting at the long exile from place and pelf to which Guizot had condemned him, and sniffing in the air the scent of an approaching popular commotion, Thiers, in that pseudo-heroic style which won him the nickname of *Mirabeau-mouche*, declared to the Chamber of Deputies: "I am of the party of Revolution, not only in France, but in Europe. I wish the Government of the Revolution to remain in the hands of moderate men * * * but if that government should fall into the hands of ardent minds, even into those of Radicals, I shall, for all that, not desert my cause. I shall always be of the party of the Revolution." The Revolution of February came. Instead of displacing the Guizot Cabinet by the Thiers Cabinet, as the little man had dreamt, it superseded Louis [illegible] by the Republic. On the first day of the popular [illegible] he carefully hid himself, forgetting that the contempt [illegible] workingmen screened him from their hatred. Still, with [illegible] courage, he continued to shy the public stage, until the [illegible] had cleared it for his sort of action. Then he became [illegible] head of the "Party of Order" and its Parliamentary Republic, that anarchy-pandemonium, in which all the rival factions of the [illegible] class conspired together to crush the people, and conspired [illegible] each other to restore each of them its own monarchy. Then, as [illegible] ers denounced the Republicans as the only obstacle to the consolidation of the Republic; then, as now, he spoke to the Republic as the hangman spoke to Don Carlos: "I shall assassinate thee, but for thy own good." Now, as then, he will have to exclaim on the day after his victory: "L'Empire est [illegible]"—the Empire is consummated. Despite his hypocritical homilies about necessary liberties and his personal grudge against Louis Bonaparte, who had made a dupe of him, and kicked out parliamentarism—and outside of its factitious atmosphere the little man is conscious of withering into nothingness—he had a hand in all the infamies of the Second Empire, from the occupation of Rome by French troops to the war with Prussia, which he incited by his fierce invective against German unity—not as a cloak of Prussian despotism, but as an encroachment upon the vested right of France in German disunion. Fond of brandishing, with his dwarfish arms, in the face of Europe the sword of the first Napoleon, whose historical shoe-black he had become, his foreign policy always culminated in the utter humiliation of France, from the London convention of 1841 to the Paris capitulation of 1871, and the present civil war, where he hounds on the prisoners of Sedan and Metz against Paris by special permission of Bismarck. Despite his versatility of talent and shiftiness of purpose, this man has his whole lifetime been wedded to the most fossil routine. It is self-evident that to him the deeper under-currents of modern society remained forever hidden; but even the most palpable changes on its surface were abhorrent to a brain all the vitality of which had fled to the tongue. Thus he never tired of denouncing as a sacrilege any deviation from the old French protective system. When a minister of Louis Philippe, he railed at railways as a wild chimera; and when in opposition under Louis Bonaparte, he branded as a profanation every attempt to reform the rotten French army system. Never in his long political career has he been guilty of a single—even the smallest—measure of any practical use. Thiers was consistent only in his greed for wealth and his hatred of the men that produce it. Having entered his first ministry under Louis Philippe poor as Job, he left it a millionaire. His last ministry under the same king (of the 1st of March, 1840) exposed him to public taunts of peculation in the Chamber of Deputies, to which he was content to reply by tears—a commodity he deals in as freely as Jules Favre, or any other crocodile. At Bordeaux his first measure for saving France from impending financial ruin was to endow himself with three millions a year, the first and the last word of the "Economical Republic," the vista of which he had opened to his Paris electors in 1869. One of his former colleagues of the Chamber of Deputies of 1830, himself a capitalist and, nevertheless, a devoted member of the Paris Commune, M. Beslay, lately addressed Thiers thus in a public placard: "The enslavement of labor by capital has always been the corner-stone of your policy, and from the very day you saw the Republic of Labor installed at the Hotel de Ville, you have never ceased to cry out to France: 'These are criminals!'" A master in small state roguery, a virtuoso in perjury and treason, a craftsman in all the petty stratagems, cunning devices, and base perfidies of Parliamentary party-warfare; never scrupling when out of office, to fan a revolution, and to stifle it in blood when at the helm of the State: with class prejudices standing him in the place of ideas, and vanity in the place of a heart; his private life as infamous as his public life is odious—even now, when playing the part of a French Sulla, he cannot help setting off the abomination of his deeds by the ridicule of his ostentation.

The capitulation of Paris, by surrendering to Prussia not only Paris, but all France, closed the long-continued intrigues of treason with the enemy, which the usurpers of the 4th Sep ember had begun, as Trochu himself said, on that very same day. On the other hand, it initiated the civil war they were now to wage, with the assistance of Prussia, against the Republic and Paris. The trap was laid in the very terms of the capitulation. At that time above one-third of the territory was in the hands of the enemy, the capital was cut off from the provinces, all communications were disorganized. To elect under such circumstances a real representation of France was impossible, unless ample time were given for preparation. In view of this, the capitulation stipulated that a National Assembly must be elected within eight days; so that in many parts of France the news of the impending election arrived on it eve only. This Assembly, moreover, was, by an express clause of the capitulation, to be elected for the sole purpose of deciding on peace or war, and, eventually, to conclude a treaty of peace. The population could not but feel that the terms of the armistice rendered the continuation of the war impossible, and that for sanctioning the peace imposed by Bismarck, the worst men in France were the best. But not content with these precautions, Thiers, even before the secret of the armistice had been broached to Paris, set out for an electioneering tour through the provinces, there to galvanize back into life the Legitimist party, which now, along with the Orleanists, had to take the place of the then impossible Bonapartists. He was not afraid of them. Impossible as a government of modern France, and, therefore, contemptible as rivals, what party were more eligible as tools of counter-revolution than the party whose action, in the words of Thiers himself (Chamber of Deputies, 5th January, 1833), "had always been confined to the three resources of foreign invasion, civil war and anarchy?" They verily believed in the advent of their long-expected retrospective millennium. There were the heels of foreign invasion trampling upon France; there was the downfall of an Empire and the captivity of a Bonaparte; and there they were themselves. The wheel of history had evidently rolled back to stop at the "chambre introuvable" of 1816. In the Assemblies of the Republic, 1848 to '51, they had been represented by their educated and trained Parliamentary champions; it was the rank and file of the party which now rushed in—all the Pourceaugnacs of France.

As soon as this assembly of "Rurals" had met at Bordeaux, Thiers made it clear to them that the peace preliminaries must be assented to at once, without even the honors of a Parliamentary debate, as the only condition on which Prussia would permit them to open the war against the Republic and Paris, its stronghold. The counter-revolution had, in fact, no time to lose. The Second Empire had more than doubled the national debt, and plunged all the large towns into heavy municipal debts. The war had fearfully swelled their liabilities, and mercilessly ravaged the resources of the nation. To complete the ruin, the Prussian Shylock was there with his bond for the keep of half a million of his soldiers on French soil, his indemnity of five milliards, and interest at 5 per cent. on the unpaid instalments thereof. Who was to pay the bill? It was only by the violent overthrow of the Republic that the appropriators of wealth could hope to shift on to the shoulders of its producers the cost of a war which they, the appropriators, had themselves originated. Thus, the immense ruin of France spurred on these patriotic representatives of land and capital, under the very eyes and patronage of the invader, to graft upon the foreign war a civil war—a slaveholders' rebellion.

There stood in the way of this conspiracy one great obstacle—Paris. To disarm Paris was the first condition of success. Paris was therefore summoned by Thiers to surrender its arms. Then Paris was exasperated by the frantic anti-republican demonstrations of the "Rural" Assembly and by Thiers' own equivocations about the legal status of the Re-



public; by the threat to decapitate and decapitalize Paris—the appointment of Orleanist ambassadors; Dufaure's laws on over-due commercial bills and house-rents, inflicting ruin on the commerce and industry of Paris; Pouyer-Quertier's tax of two centimes upon *every copy of every* imaginable publication; the sentences of death against Blanqui and Flourens; the suppression of the Republican journals; the transfer of the National Assembly to Versailles; the renewal of the state of siege declared by Palikao, and expired on the 4th of September; the appointment of Vinoy, the *Decembriseur*, as governor of Paris—of Valentin, the imperialist *gendarme* as its prefect of police—and of D'Aurelles de Paladine, the Jesuit general, as the commander-in-chief of its National Guard.

And now we have to address a question to M. Thiers and the men of national defense, his underetrappers. It is known that, through the agency of M. Pouyer-Quertier, his finance minister, Thiers had contracted a loan of two milliards, to be paid down at once. Now, is it true, or not—

1. That the business was so managed that a consideration of several hundred millions was secured for the private benefit of Thiers, Jules Favre, Ernest Picard, Pouyer Quertier, and Jules Simon? and—

2. That no money was to be paid down until after the "pacification" of Paris?

At all events, there must have been something very pressing in the matter, for Thiers and Jules Favre, in the name of the majority of the Bordeaux Assembly, unblushingly solicited the immediate occupation of Paris by Prussian troops. Such, however, was not the game of Bismarck, as he sneeringly, and in public, told the admiring Frankfort Philistines on his return to Germany.

II.

Armed Paris was the only serious obstacle in the way of the counter-revolutionary conspiracy. Paris was, therefore, to be disarmed. On this point the Bordeaux Assembly was sincerity itself. If the roaring rant of its Rurals had not been audible enough, the surrender of Paris by Thiers to the tender mercies of the triumvirate of Vinoy the *Decembriseur*, Valentin the Bonapartist *gendarme*, and Aurelles de Paladine the Jesuit general, would have cut off even the last subterfuge of doubt. But while insultingly exhibiting the true purpose of the disarmament of Paris, the conspirators asked her to lay down her arms on a pretext which was the most glaring, the most barefaced of lies. The artillery of the Paris National Guard, said Thiers, belonged to the State, and to the State it must be returned. The fact was this: From the very day of the capitulation, by which Bismarck's prisoners had signed the surrender of France, but reserved to themselves a numerous body-guard for the express purpose of cowing Paris, Paris stood on the watch. The National Guard reorganized themselves and intrusted their supreme control to a Central Committee elected by their whole body, save some fragments of the old Bonapartist formations. On the eve of the entrance of the Prussians into Paris, the Central Committee took measures for the removal to Montmarte, Belleville and La Villette of the cannon and mitrailleuses treacherously abandoned by the capitulards in and about the very quarters the Prussians were to occupy. That artillery had been furnished by the subscriptions of the National Guard. As their private property, it was officially recognized in the capitulation of the 28th of January, and on that very title exempted from the general surrender, into the hands of the conqueror, of arms belonging to the Government. And Thiers was so utterly destitute of even the flimsiest pretext for initiating the war against Paris, that he had to resort to the flagrant lie of the artillery of the National Guard being State property!

The seizure of her artillery was evidently but to serve as the preliminary to the general disarmament of Paris, and, therefore, of the Revolution of the 4th of September. But that revolution had become the legal status of France. The republic, its work, was recognized by the conqueror in the terms of the capitulation. After the capitulation, it was acknowledged by all the foreign Powers, and in its name the National Assembly had been summoned. The Paris workingmen's revolution of the 4th of September was the only legal title of the National Assembly seated at Bordeaux, and of its executive. Without it, the National Assembly would at once have to give way to the Corps Legislatif, elected in 1869 by universal suffrage under French, not under Prussian, rule, and forcibly dispersed by the arm of the Revolution. Thiers and his ticket-of-leave men would have had to capitulate for safe conducts signed by Louis Bonaparte, to save them from a voyage to Cayenne. The National Assembly, with its power of attorney to settle the terms of peace with Prussia, was but an incident of that revolution, the true embodiment of which was still armed Paris, which had initiated it, undergone for it a five months' siege, with its horrors of famine, and made her prolonged resistance, despite Trochu's plan, the basis of an obstinate war of defense in the provinces. And Paris was now either to lay down her arms at the insulting behest of the rebellious slave-holders of Bordeaux, and acknowledge that her Revolution of the 4th of September meant nothing but a simple transfer of power from Louis Bonaparte to his Royal rivals, or she had to stand forward as the self-sacrificing champion of France, whose salvation from ruin, and whose regeneration were impossible, without the revolutionary overthrow of the political and social conditions that had engendered the second Empire, and, under its fostering care, matured into utter rottenness. Paris, emaciated by a five months' famine, did not hesitate one moment. She heroically resolved to run all the hazards of a resistance against the French conspirators, even with Prussian cannon frowning upon her from her own forts. Still, in its abhorrence of the civil war into which Paris was to be goaded, the Central Committee continued to persist in a merely defensive attitude, despite the provocations of the Assembly, the usurpations of the Executive, and the menacing concentration of troops in and around Paris.

Thiers opened the civil war by sending Vinoy, at the head of a multitude of *sergents de-ville* and some regiments of the line, upon a nocturnal expedition against Montmartre, there to seize, by surprise, the artillery of the National Guard. It is well known how this attempt broke down before the resistance of the National Guard and the fraternization of the line with the people. Aurelles de Paladine had printed beforehand his bulletins of victory, and Thiers held ready the placards announcing his measures of *coup d'etat*. Now these had to be replaced by Thiers' appeals, imparting his magnanimous resolve to leave the National Guard in the possession of their arms, with which, he said, he felt sure they would rally round the Government against the rebels. Out of 300,000 National Guards only 300 responded to this summons to rally round little Thiers against themselves. The glorious workingmen's Revolution of the 18th March took undisputed sway of Paris. The Central Committee was its provisional Government. Europe seemed, for a moment, to doubt whether its recent sensational performances of state and war had any reality in them, or whether they were the dreams of a long bygone past.

From the 18th of March to the entrance of the Versailles troops into Paris, the proletarian revolution remained so free from the acts of violence in which the revolutions, and still more the counter-revolutions, of the "better classes" abound, that no facts were left to its opponents to cry out about but the execution of Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas, and the affair of the Place Vendome.

One of the Bonapartist officers engaged in the nocturnal attempt against Montmartre, General Lecomte, had four times ordered the 81st line regiment to fire at an unarmed gathering in the Place Pigale, and on their refusal fiercely insulted them. Instead of shooting women and children, his own men shot him. The inveterate habits acquired by the soldiery under the training of the enemies of the working class are, of course, not likely to change the very moment these soldiers change sides. The same men executed Clement Thomas.

"General" Clement Thomas, a malcontent ex-quartermaster sergeant, had, in the latter times of Louis Philippe's reign, enlisted at the office of the Republican newspaper *Le National*, there to serve in the double capacity of responsible man-of-straw (*gerant responsable*) and of dueling bully to that very combative journal. After the revolution of February, the men of the *National* having got into power, they metamorphosed this old quartermaster-sergeant into a general on the eve of the butchery of June, of which he, like Jules Favre, was one of the sinister plotters, and became one of the most dastardly executioners. Then he and his generalship disappeared for a long time, to again rise to the surface on the 1st November, 1870. The day before the Government of Defense, caught at the Hotel de Ville, had solemnly pledged their parole to Blanqui, Flourens, and other representatives of the working class, to abdicate their usurped power in the hands of a commune to be freely elected by Paris. Instead of keeping their word, they let loose on Paris the Bretons of Trochu who now replaced the Corsicans of Bonaparte. General Tamisier alone, refusing to sully his name by such a breach of faith, resigned the Commandership-in-chief of the National Guard, and in his place Clement Thomas for once became again a general. During the whole of his tenure of command, he made war, not upon the Prussians, but upon the Paris National Guard. He prevented their general armament, pitted the bourgeois battalions against the workingmen's battalions, weeded out the officers hostile to Trochu's "plan," and disbanded, under the stigma of cowardice, the very same proletarian battalions whose heroism has now astonished their most inveterate enemies. Clement Thomas felt quite proud of having reconquered his June pre-eminence as the personal enemy of the working class of Paris. Only a few days before the 18th of March, he laid before the War Minister, Leflo, a plan of his own for "finishing *off la fine fleur* [the cream] of the Paris *canaille*." After Vinoy's rout, he must needs appear upon the scene of action in the quality of an amateur spy. The Central Committee and the Paris workingmen were as much responsible for the killing of Clement Thomas and Lecomte as the Princess of Wales was for the fate of the people crushed to death on the day of her entrance into London.

The massacre of unarmed citizens in the Place Vendome is a myth which M. Thiers and the Rurals persistently ignored in the Assembly, intrusting its propagation exclusively to the servants' hall of European journalism. "The men of order," the reactionists of Paris, trembled at the victory of the 18th of March. To them it was the signal of popular retribution at last arriving. The ghosts of the victims assassinated at their hands from the days of June, 1848, down to the 22d of January 1871, arose before their faces. Their panic was their only punishment. Even the sergeants-de-ville, instead of being disarmed and locked up, as ought to have been done, had the gates of Paris flung wide open for their safe retreat to Versailles. The men of order were left not only unharmed, but allowed to rally and quietly to seize more than one stronghold in the very centre of Paris. This indulgence of the Central Committee—this magnanimity of the armed workingmen—so strangely at variance with the habits of the "party of order," the latter misinterpreted as mere symptoms of conscious weakness. Hence their silly plan to try, under the cloak of an unarmed demonstration, what Vinoy had failed to perform with his cannon and mitrailleuses. On the 22d of March a riotous mob of swells started from the quarters of luxury, all the *petits crecés* in their ranks, and at their head the notorious familiars of the Empire—the Heeckeren, Coetlogon, Henri de Pene, etc. Under the cowardly pretense of a pacific demonstration, this rabble, secretly armed with the weapons of the bravo, fell into marching order, ill-treated and disarmed the detached patrols and sentries of the National Guards they met with on their progress, and, on debouching from the Rue de la Paix, with the cry of "Down with the Central Committee! Down with the assassins! The National Assembly forever!" attempted to break through the line drawn up there, and thus to carry by surprise the headquarters of the National Guard in the Place Vendome. In reply to their pistol-shots, the regular *sommations* (the French equivalent of the English Riot Act) were made, and, proving ineffective, fire was commanded by the general of the National Guard. One volley dispersed into wild flight the silly coxcombs who expected that the mere exhibition of their "respectability" would have the same effect upon the Revolution of Paris as Joshua's trumpets upon the walls of Jericho. The runaways left behind them two National Guards dead, nine severely wounded (among them a member of the Central Committee), and the whole scene of their exploit strewn with revolvers, daggers and sword-canes, in evidence of the "unarmed" character of their "pacific" demonstration. When, on the 13th of June, 1849, the National Guard made a really pacific demonstration in protest against the felonious assault of French troops upon Rome, Changarnier, then general of the party of order, was acclaimed by the National Assembly, and especially by M. Thiers, as the savior of society, for having lauched his troops from all sides upon these unarmed men, to shoot and sabre them down, and to trample them under their horses' feet. Paris then was placed under a state of siege. Dufaure hurried through the Assembly new laws of repression. New arrests, new proscriptions—a new reign of terror set in. But the lower orders manage these things otherwise. The Central Committee of 1870 simply ignored the heroes of the "pacific demonstration;" so much so, that only two days later they were enabled to muster, under Admiral Saisset, for that *armed* demonstration crowned by the famous stampede to Versailles. In their reluctance to continue the civil war opened by Thiers' burglarious attempt on Montmartre, the Central Committee made themselves, this time, guilty of a decisive mistake in not at once marching upon Versailles, then completely helpless, and thus putting an end to the conspiracies of Thiers and his Rurals. Instead of this, the party of order was again allowed to try its strength at the ballot-box on the 26th of March, the day of the election of the Commune. Then, in the mairies of Paris, they exchanged bland words of conciliation with their too generous conquerors, muttering in their hearts solemn vows to exterminate them in due time.

Now, look at the reverse of the medal. Thiers opened his second campaign against Paris in the beginning of April. The first batch of Parisian prisoners brought into Versailles was subjected to revolting atrocities, while Ernest Picard, with his hands in his trowsers' pockets, strolled about jeering them, and while Mesdames Thiers and Favre, in the midst of their ladies of honor (?) applauded, from the balcony, the outrages of the Versailles mob. The captured soldiers of the line were massacred in cold blood; our brave friend, General Duval, the iron founder, was shot without any form of trial. Gallifet, the kept man of his wife, so notorious for her shameless exhibitions at the orgies of the Second Empire, boasted in a proclamation of having commanded the murder of a small troop of National Guards, with their captain and lieutenant, surprised and disarmed by his chasseurs. Vinoy, the runaway, was appointed by Thiers Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, for his general order to shoot down every soldier of the line taken in the ranks of the Federals. Desmaret, the gendarme, was decorated for the treacherous, butcher-like chopping in pieces of the high-souled and chivalrous Flourens, who had saved the heads of the Goverment of Defense on the 31st of October, 1870. "The encouraging particulars" of his assassination were triumphantly expatiated upon by Thiers in the National Assembly. With the elated vanity of a parliamentary Tom Thumb, permitted to play the part of a Tamerlane, he denied the rebels against his littleness every right of civilized warfare, up to the right of neutrality for ambulances. Nothing more horrid than that monkey allowed for a time to give full fling to his tigerish instincts, as foreseen by Voltaire. (See note, p. 35.)

After the decree of the Commune of the 7th of April, ordering reprisals and declaring it to be its duty "to protect Paris against the cannibal exploits of the Versailles banditti, and to demand an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," Thiers did not stop the barbarous treatment of prisoners, moreover insulting them in his bulletins as follows: "Never have so degraded specimens of a degraded democracy met the afflicted gaze of honest men"—honest like Thiers himself and his ministerial ticket-of-leave men. Still the shooting of prisoners was suspended for a time. Hardly, however, had Thiers and his Decembrist generals become aware that the Communal decree of reprisals was but an empty threat, that even their gendarme spies caught in Paris under the disguise of National Guards, that even sergents-de-ville taken with incendiary shells upon them, were spared—when the wholesale shooting of prisoners was resumed and carried on uninterrupted to the end. Houses to which National Guards had fled were surrounded by gendarmes, inundated with petroleum (which here occurs for the first time in the war) and then set fire to, the charred corpses being afterward brought out by the ambulance of the Press at Versailles. Four National Guards having surrendered to a troop of mounted chasseurs at Belle Epine, on the 25th of April, were afterward shot down, one after another, by the captain, a worthy man of Gallifet's. One of his four victims, left for dead, Scheffer, crawled back to the Parisian outposts, and deposed to this fact before a commission of the Commune. When Tolain interpellated the War Minister upon the report of this commission, the Rurals drowned his voice and forbade Leflo to answer. It would be an insult to their "glorious" army to speak of its deeds. The flippant tone in which Thiers' bulletins announced the bayoneting of the Federals surprised asleep at Moulin Saquet, and the wholesale fusillades at Bicêtre shocked the nerves even of the not over sensitive London *Times*. But it would be ludicrous today to attempt recounting the merely preliminary atrocities committed by the bombarders of Paris and the fomentors of a slaveholders' rebellion protected by foreign invasion. Amidst all these horrors, Thiers, forgetful of his parliamentary laments on the terrible responsibility weighing down his dwarfish shoulders, boasts in his bulletin that *l'Assemblee siege paisiblement* (the Assembly continues meeting in peace), and proves by his constant carousals, now with Decembrist generals, now with German princes, that his digestion is not troubled in the least, not even by the ghosts of Lecomte and Clement Thomas.

III.

On the dawn of the 18th of March, Paris arose to the thunderburst of "Vive la Commune!" What is the Commune, that sphinx so tantalizing to the bourgeois mind?

"The proletarians of Paris," said the Central Committee in its manifesto of the 18th March, "amidst the failures and treasons of the ruling classes, have understood that the hour has struck for them to save the situation by taking into their own hands the direction of public affairs. * * * They have understood that it is their imperious duty and their absolute right to render themselves masters of their own destinies, by seizing upon the governmental power." But the working class cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made State machinery, and wield it for its own purposes.

The centralized State power, with its ubiquitous organs of standing army, police, bureaucracy, clergy and judicature—organs wrought after the plan of a systematic and hierarchic division of labor—originates from the days of absolute monarchy, serving nascent middle-class society as a mighty weapon in its struggles against feudalism. Still, its development remained clogged by all manner of mediæval rubbish, seigniorial rights, local privileges, municipal and guild monopolies and provincial constitutions. The gigantic broom of the French Revolution of the eighteenth century swept away all these relics of bygone times, thus clearing simultaneously the social soil of its last hindrances to the superstructure of the modern State edifice raised under the First Empire, itself the offspring of the coalition wars of old semi-feudal Europe against modern France. During the subsequent *regimes* the Government, placed under parliamentary control—that is, under the direct control of the propertied classes—became not only a hotbed of huge national debts and crushing taxes; with its irresistible allurements of place, pelf and patronage, it became not only the bone of contention between the rival factions and adventurers of the ruling classes; but its political character changed simultaneously with the economic changes of society. At the same pace at which the progress of modern industry developed, widened, intensified the class-antagonism between capital and labor, the State power assumed more and more the character of the national power of capital over labor, of a public force organized for social enslavement, of an engine of class despotism. After every revolution marking a progressive phase in the class struggle, the purely repressive character of the State power stands out in bolder and bolder relief. The Revolution of 1830, resulting in the transfer of Government from the landlords to the capitalists, transferred it from the more remote to the more direct antagonists of the workingmen. The bourgeois Republicans, who, in the name of the Revolution of February, took the State power, used it for the June massacres, in order to convince the working class that "social" republic meant the republic ensuring their social subjection, and in order to convince the royalist bulk of the bourgeois and landlord class that they might safely leave the cares and emoluments of government to the bourgeois "Republicans." However, after their one heroic exploit of June, the bourgeois Republicans had, from the front, to fall back to the rear of the "Party of Order"—a combination formed by all the rival fractions and factions of the appropriating class in their now openly declared antagonism to the producing classes. The proper form of their joint stock Government was the *Parliamentary Republic*, with Louis Bonaparte for its President. Theirs was a *regime* of avowed class terrorism and deliberate insult toward the "vile multitude." If the Parliamentary Republic, as M. Thiers said, "divided them [the different fractions of the ruling class] least," it opened an abyss between that class and the whole body of society outside their spare ranks. The restraints by which their own divisions had under former *regimes* still checked the State power, were removed by their union; and in view of the threatening upheaval of the proletariate, they now used that State power mercilessly and ostentatiously as the national war-engine of capital against labor. In their uninterrupted crusade against the producing masses they were, however, bound not only to invest the executive with continually increased powers of repression, but at the same time to divest their own parliamentary stronghold—the National Assembly—one by one, of all its own means of defense against the Executive. The Executive, in the person of Louis Bonaparte, turned them out. The natural offspring of the "Party-of-Order" Republic was the Second Empire.

The Empire, with the *coup d'etat* for its certificate of birth, universal suffrage for its sanction, and the sword for its sceptre, professed to rest upon the peasantry, the large mass of producers not directly involved in the struggle of capital and labor. It professed to save the working class by breaking down Parliamentarism, and, with it, the undisguised subserviency of Government to the propertied classes. It professed to save the propertied classes by upholding their economic supremacy over the working class; and, finally, it professed to unite all classes by reviving for all the chimera of national glory. In reality, it was the only form of government possible at a time when the bourgeoisie had already lost, and the working class had not yet acquired, the faculty of ruling the nation. It was acclaimed throughout the world as the savior of society. Under its sway bourgeois society, freed from political cares, attained a development unexpected even by itself. Its industry and

commerce expanded to colossal dimensions: financial swindling celebrated cosmopolitan orgies; the misery of the masses was set off by a shameless display of gorgeous, meretricious and debased luxury. The State power, apparently soaring high above society, was at the same time itself the greatest scandal of that society, and the very hotbed of all its corruptions. Its own rottenness, and the rottenness of the society it had saved, were laid bare by the bayonet of Prussia, herself eagerly bent upon transferring the supreme seat of that *regime* from Paris to Berlin. Imperialism is, at the same time, the most prostitute and the ultimate form of the State power which nascent middle-class society had commenced to elaborate as a means of its own emancipation from feudalism, and which full-grown bourgeois society had finally transformed into a means for the enslavement of labor by capital.

The direct antithesis to the Empire was the Commune. The cry of "Social Republic," with which the revolution of February was ushered in by the Paris proletariate, did but express a vague aspiration after a republic that was not only to supersede the monarchical form of class rule, but class rule itself. The Commune was the positive form of that Republic.

Paris, the central seat of the old governmental power, and, at the same time, the social stronghold of the French working class, had risen in arms against the attempt of Thiers and the Rurals to restore and perpetuate that old governmental power bequeathed to them by the Empire. Paris could resist only because, in consequence of the siege, it had got rid of the army and replaced it by a National Guard, the bulk of which consisted of workingmen. This fact was now to be transformed into an institution. The first decree of the Commune, therefore, was the suppression of the standing army, and the substitution for it of the armed people.

The Commune was formed of the municipal councilors, chosen by universal suffrage in the various wards of the town, responsible and revocable at short terms. The majority of its members were naturally workingmen, or acknowledged representatives of the working class. The Commune was to be a working, not a parliamentary body, executive and legislative at the same time. Instead of continuing to be the agent of the Central Government, the police was at once stripped of its political attributes and turned into the responsible and at all times revocable agent of the Commune. So were the officials of all other branches of the administration. From the members of the Commune downward, the public service had to be done at workmen's wages. The vested interests and the representation allowances of the high dignitaries of State disappeared along with the high dignitaries themselves. Public functions ceased to be the private property of the tools of the Central Government. Not only municipal administration, but the whole initiative hitherto exercised by the State was laid into the hands of the Commune.

Having once got rid of the standing army and the police, the physical force elements of the old government, the Commune was anxious to break the spiritual force of repression, the "par-on power," by the disestablishment and disendowment of all churches as proprietary bodies. The priests were sent back to the recesses of private life, there to feed upon the alms of the faithful in imitation of their predecessors, the Apostles. The whole of the educational institutions were opened to the people gratuitously, and at the same time cleared of all interference of Church and State. Thus, not only was education made accessible to all, but science itself freed from the fetters which class prejudice and governmental force had imposed upon it.

The judicial functionaries were to be divested of that sham independence which had but served to mask their abject subserviency to all succeeding governments, to which, in turn, they had taken and broken the oaths of allegiance. Like the rest of public servants, magistrates and judges were to be elective, responsible and revocable.

The Paris Commune was, of course, to serve as a model to all the great industrial centres of France. The Communal *regime* once established in Paris and the secondary centres, the old centralized government would in the provinces, too, have to give way to the self-government of the producers. In a rough sketch of national organization which the Commune had no time to develop, it states clearly that the Commune was to be the political form of even the smallest country hamlet, and that in the rural districts the standing army was to be replaced by a national militia, with an extremely short term of service. The rural Communes of every district were to administer their common affairs by an assembly of delegates in the central town, and these district assemblies were again to send deputies to the National Delegation in Paris, each delegate to be at any time revocable and bound by the *mandat imperatif* (formal instructions) of his constituents. The few but important functions which still would remain for a central government were not to be suppressed, as has been intentionally misstated, but were to be discharged by Communal, and therefore strictly responsible agents. The unity of the nation was not to be broken, but, on the contrary, to be organized by the Communal constitution, and to become a reality by the destruction of the State power which claimed to be the embodiment of that unity independent of and superior to the nation itself, from which it was but a parasitic excrescence. While the merely repressive organs of the old governmental power were to be amputated, its legitimate functions were to be wrested from an authority usurping pre-eminence over society itself, and restored to the responsible agents of society. Instead of deciding once in three or six years which member of the ruling class was to misrepresent the people in Parliament, universal suffrage was to serve the people, constituted in Communes, as individual suffrage serves every other employer in the search for the workmen and managers in his business. And it is well known that companies, like individuals, in matters of real business generally know how to put the right man in the right place, and, if they for once make a mistake, to redress it promptly. On the other hand, nothing could be more foreign to the spirit of the Commune than to supersede universal suffrage by hierarchic investiture.

It is generally the fate of completely new historical creations to be mistaken for the counterpart of older and even defunct forms of social life, to which they may bear a certain likeness. Thus, this new Commune, which breaks the modern State power, has been mistaken for a reproduction of the mediæval Communes, which first preceded, and afterward became the substratum of, that very State power. The communal constitution has been mistaken for an attempt to break up into a federation of small States, as dreamt of by Montesquieu and the Girondins, that unity of great nations which, if originally brought about by political force, has now become a powerful coefficient of social production. The antagonism of the Commune against the State power has been mistaken for an exaggerated form of the ancient struggle against over-centralization. Peculiar historical circumstances may have prevented the classical development, as in France, of the bourgeois form of government, and may have allowed, as in England, to complete the great central State organs by corrupt vestries, jobbing councilors and ferocious poor-law guardians in the towns, and virtually hereditary magistrates in the counties. The Communal Constitution would have restored to the social body all the forces hitherto absorbed by the State parasite feeding upon, and clogging the free movement of society. By this one act it would have initiated the regeneration of France. The provincial French middle-class saw in the Commune an attempt to restore the sway their order had held over the country under Louis Philippe, and which, under Louis Napoleon, was supplanted by the pretended rule of the country over the towns. In reality, the Communal Constitution brought the rural producers under the intellectual lead of the central towns of their districts, and there secured to them, in the workingmen, the natural trustees of their interests. The very existence of the Commune involved, as a matter of course, local municipal liberty, but no longer as a check upon the, now superseded, State power. It could only enter into the head of a Bismarck, who, when not engaged on his intrigues of blood and iron, always likes to resume his old trade, so befitting his mental calibre, of contributor to *Kladderadatsch* (the Berlin *Punch*), it could only enter into such a head, to ascribe to the Paris Commune aspirations after that caricature of the old French municipal organization of 1791, the Prussian municipal constitution which degrades the town governments to mere secondary wheels in the police-machinery of the Prussian State. The Commune made that catchword of bourgeois revolutions, cheap government, a reality, by destroying the two greatest sources of expenditure—the standing army and State functionarism. Its very existence pre-supposed the non-existence of monarchy, which, in Europe at least, is the normal incumbrance and indispensable cloak of class-rule. It supplied the Republic with the basis of really democratic institutions. But neither cheap government nor the "true Republic" was its ultimate aim; they were its mere concomitants.

The multiplicity of interpretations to which the Commune has been subjected, and the multiplicity of interests which construed it in their favor, show that it was a thoroughly expansive political form, while all previous forms of government had been emphatically repressive. Its true secret was this. It was essentially a working-class government, the produce of the struggle of the producing against the appropriating class, the political form at last discovered under which to work out the economical emancipation of Labor.

Except on this last condition, the Communal Constitution would have been an impossibility and a delusion. The political rule of the producer cannot coexist with the perpetuation of his social slavery. The Commune was therefore to serve as a lever for uprooting the economical foundations upon which rests the existence of classes, and therefore of class rule. With labor emancipated, every man becomes a working man, and productive labor ceases to be a class attribute.

It is a strange fact. In spite of all the tall talk and all the immense literature, for the last sixty years, about Emancipation of Labor, no sooner do the workingmen anywhere take the subject into their own hands with a will, than uprises at once all the apologetic phraseology of the mouthpieces of present society with its two poles of Capital and Wages-slavery (the landlord now is but the sleeping partner of the capitalist), as if capitalist society was still in its purest state of virgin innocence, with its antagonisms still undeveloped, with its delusions still unexploded, with its prostitute realities not yet laid bare. The Commune, they exclaim, intends to abolish property, the basis of all civilization! Yes, gentlemen, the Commune intended to abolish that class-property which makes the labor of the many the wealth of the few. It aimed at the expropriation of the expropriators. It wanted to make individual property a truth by transforming the means of production, land and capital, now chiefly the means of enslaving and exploiting labor, into mere instruments of free and associated labor. But this is Communism, "impossible" Communism! Why, those members of the ruling classes who are intelligent enough to perceive the impossibility of continuing the present system—and they are many—have become the obtrusive and full-mouthed apostles of co-operative production. If co-operative production is not to remain a sham and a snare; if it is to supersede the Capitalist system; if united co-operative societies are to regulate national production upon a common plan, thus taking it under their own control, and putting an end to the constant anarchy and periodical convulsions which are the fatality of Capitalist production—what else, gentlemen, would it be but Communism, "possible" Communism?

The working class did not expect miracles from the Commune. They have no ready-made utopias to introduce *par decret du peuple*. They know that in order to work out their own emancipation, and along with it that higher form to which present society is irresistibly tending, by its own economical agencies, they will have to pass through long struggles, through a series of historic processes, transforming circumstances and men. They have no ideals to realize, but to set free the elements of the new society with which old collapsing bourgeois society itself is pregnant. In the full consciousness of their historic mission, and with the heroic resolve to act up to it, the working class can afford to smile at the coarse invective of the gentlemen's gentlemen with the pen and inkhorn, and at the didactic patronage of well-wishing bourgeois-doctrinaires, pouring forth their ignorant platitudes and sectarian crotchets in the oracular tone of scientific infallibility.

When the Paris Commune took the management of the revolution in its own hands; when plain workingmen for the first time dared to infringe upon the governmental privilege of their "natural superiors," and, under circumstances of unexampled difficulty, performed their work modestly, conscientiously and efficiently—performed it at salaries the highest of which barely amounted to one-fifth of what, according to a high scientific authority, is the minimum required for a secretary to a certain metropolitan school-board—the old world writhed in convulsions of rage at the sight of the red flag, the symbol of the Republic of Labor, floating over the Hotel de Ville.

And yet, this was the first revolution in which the working class was openly acknowledged as the only class capable of social initiative, even by the great bulk of the Paris middle class—shopkeepers, tradesmen, merchants—the wealthy capitalists alone excepted. The Commune had saved them by a sagacious settlement of that ever-recurring cause of dispute among the middle classes themselves—the debtor and creditor accounts. The same portion of the middle class, after they had assisted in putting down the workingmen's insurrection of June, 1848, had been at once unceremoniously sacrificed to their creditors by the then Constituent Assembly. But this was not their only motive for now rallying round the working class. They felt that there was but one alternative—the Commune or the Empire—under whatever name it might reappear. The Empire had ruined them economically by the havoc it made of public wealth, by the wholesale financial swindling it fostered, by the props it lent to the artificially accelerated centralization of capital, and the concomitant expropriation of their own ranks. It had suppressed them politically, it had shocked them morally by its orgies, it had insulted their Voltairianism by handing over the education of their children to the *freres Ignorantins*, it had revolted their national feeling as Frenchmen by precipitating them headlong into a war which left only one equivalent for the ruins it made—the disappearance of the Empire. In fact, after the exodus from Paris of the high Bonapartist and capitalist *Boheme*, the true middle-class Party of Order came out in the shape of the "Union Republicaine," enrolling themselves under the colors of the Commune and defending it against the willful misconstruction of Thiers. Whether the gratitude of this great body of the middle class will stand the present severe trial, time must show.

The Commune was perfectly right in telling the peasants that "its victory was their only hope." Of all the lies hatched at Versailles and re-echoed by the glorious European penny-a-liner, one of the most tremendous was that the Rurals represented the French peasantry. Think only of the love of the French peasant for the men to whom, after 1815, he had to pay the milliard of indemnity? In the eyes of the French peasant, the very existence of a great landed proprietor is in itself an encroachment on his conquests of 1789. The bourgeois, in 1848, had burthened his plot of land with the additional tax of forty-five cents. in the franc; but then he did so in the name of the revolution; while now he had fomented a civil war against the revolution, to shift on the peasant's shoulders the chief load of the five milliards of indemnity to be paid to the Prussian. The Commune, on the other hand, in one of its first proclamations, declared that the true originators of the war would be made to pay its cost. The Commune would have delivered the peasant of the blood tax—would have given him a cheap government—transformed his present blood-suckers, the notary, advocate, executor, and other judicial vampires, into salaried communal agents, elected by, and responsible to, himself. It would have freed him of the tyranny of the *garde champetre*, the gendarme and the prefect; would have put enlightenment by the schoolmaster in place of stultification by the priest. And the French peasant is, above all, a man of reckoning. He would find it extremely reasonable that the pay of the priest, instead of being extorted by the tax-gatherer, should only depend upon the spontaneous action of the parishioners' religious instincts. Such were the great immediate boons which the rule of the Commune—and that rule alone—held out to the French peasantry. It is, therefore, quite superfluous here to expatiate upon the more complicated but vital problems which the Commune alone was able, and at the same time compelled, to solve in favor of the peasant, viz., the hypothecary debt, lying like an incubus upon his parcel of soil, the *proletariat foncier* (the rural proletariate), daily growing upon it, and his expropriation from it enforced, at a more and more rapid rate, by the very development of modern agriculture and the competition of capitalist farming.

The French peasant had elected Louis Bonaparte President of the Republic; but the Party of Order created the Empire. What the French peasant really wants he commenced to show in 1849 and 1850, by opposing his maire to the government's prefect, his schoolmaster to the government's priest, and himself to the government's gendarme. All the laws made by the Party of Order in January and February, 1850, were avowed measures of repression against the peasant. The peasant was a Bonapartist, because the great Revolution, with all its benefits to him, was, in his eyes, personified in Napoleon. This delusion, rapidly breaking down under the Second Empire (and in its very nature hostile to the Rurals), this prejudice of the past, how could it have withstood the appeal of the Commune to the living interests and urgent wants of the peasantry?

The Rurals—this was, in fact, their chief apprehension—knew that three months' free communication of Communal Paris with the provinces would bring about a general rising of the peasants, and hence their anxiety to establish a police blockade around Paris, so as to stop the spread of the rinderpest.

If the Commune was thus the true representative of all the healthy elements of French society, and therefore the true national government, it was, at the same time, as a workingmen's government, as the bold champion of the emancipation of labor, emphatically international. Within sight of the Prussian army, that had annexed to Germany two French provinces, the Commune annexed to France the working people all over the world.

The Second Empire had been the jubilee of cosmopolitan blacklegism, the rakes of all countries rushing in at its call for a share in its orgies and in the plunder of the French people. Even at this moment the right hand of Thiers is Ganesco, the foul Wallachian, and his left hand is Markowski, the Russian spy. The Commune admitted all foreigners to the honor of dying for an immortal cause. Between the foreign war lost by their treason and the civil war fomented by their conspiracy with the foreign invader, the bourgeoisie had found the time to display their patriotism by organizing police hunts upon the Germans in France. The Commune made a German workingman its Minister of Labor. Thiers, the bourgeoisie, the Second Empire, had continually deluded Poland by loud professions of sympathy, while in reality betraying her to, and doing the dirty work of, Russia. The Commune honored the heroic sons of Poland by placing them at the head of the defenders of Paris. And, to broadly mark the new era of history it was conscious of initiating, under the eyes of the conquering Prussians on the one side, and of the Bonapartist army, led by Bonapartist Generals, on the other, the Commune pulled down that colossal symbol of martial glory, the Vendome column.

The great social measure of the Commune was its own working existence. Its special measures could but betoken the tendency of a government of the people by the people. Such were the abolition of the night-work of the journeymen bakers; the prohibition, under penalty, of the employers' practice to reduce wages by levying upon their work-people fines under manifold pretexts—a process in which the employer combines in his own person the parts of legislator, judge and executor, and filches the money to boot. Another measure of this class was the surrender, to associations of workmen, under reserve of compensation, of all closed workshops and factories, no matter whether the respective capitalists had absconded or preferred to strike work.

The financial measures of the Commune, remarkable for their sagacity and moderation, could only be such as were compatible with the state of a besieged town. Considering the colossal robberies committed upon the city of Paris by the great financial companies and contractors, under the protection of Haussmann, the Commune would have had an incomparably better title to confiscate their property than Louis Napoleon had against the Orleans family. The Hohenzollern and the English oligarchs, who both have derived a good deal of their estates from Church plunder, were, of course, greatly shocked at the Commune clearing but 8,000f. out of secularization.

While the Versailles government, as soon as it had recovered some spirit and strength, used the most violent means against the Commune; while it put down the free expression of opinion all over France, even to the forbidding of meetings of delegates from the large towns; while it subjected Versailles and the rest of France to an espionage far surpassing that of the Second Empire; while it burned by its gendarme inquisitors all papers printed at Paris, and sifted all correspondence from and to Paris; while in the National Assembly the most timid attempts to put in a word for Paris were howled down in a manner unknown even to the *Chambre introuvable* of 1816; with the savage warfare of Versailles outside, and its attempts at corruption and conspiracy inside Paris—would the Commune not have shamefully betrayed its trust by affecting to keep up all the decencies and appearances of liberalism as in a time of profound peace? Had the government of the Commune been akin to that of M. Thiers, there would have been no more occasion to suppress Party-of-Order papers at Paris than there was to suppress Communal papers at Versailles.

It was irritating indeed to the Rurals that at the very same time they declared the return to the Church to be the only means of salvation for France, the infidel Commune unearthed the peculiar mysteries of the Picpus nunnery and of the Church of Saint Laurent. It was a satire upon M. Thiers that, while he showered grand crosses upon the Bonapartist Generals in acknowledgment of their mastery in losing battles, signing capitulations and burning cigarettes at Wilhelmshohe, the Commune dismissed and arrested its Generals whenever they were suspected of neglecting their duties. The expulsion from, and arrest by, the Commune of one of its members who had slipped in under a false name, and had undergone at Lyons six days' imprisonment for simple bankruptcy, was it not a deliberate insult hurled at the forger, Jules Favre, then still the Foreign Minister of France, still selling France to Bismarck, and still dictating orders to that paragon government of Belgium? But, indeed, the Commune did not pretend to infallibility, the invariable attribute of all governments of the old stamp. It published its doings and sayings; it initiated the public into all its shortcomings.

In every revolution there intrude, at the side of its true agents, men of a different stamp; some of them survivors of and devotees to past revolutions, without insight into the present movement, but preserving popular influence by their known honesty and courage, or by the sheer force of tradition; others mere bawlers, who, by dint of repeating year after year the same set of stereotyped declamations against the government of the day, have sneaked into the reputation of revolutionists of the first water.

After the 18th of March, some such men did also turn up, and in some cases contrived to play pre-eminent parts. As far as their power went, they hampered the real action of the working class, exactly as men of that sort have hampered the full development of every previous revolution. They are an unavoidable evil: with time they are shaken off, but time was not allowed the Commune.

Wonderful, indeed, was the change the Commune had wrought in Paris! No longer any trace of the meretricious Paris of the Second Empire. No longer was Paris the rendezvous of British landlords, Irish absentees, American ex-slaveholders and shoddy men, Russian ex-serfowners and Wallachian boyards. No more corpses at the Morgue, no nocturnal burglaries, scarcely any robberies: in fact, for the first time since the days of February, 1848, the streets of Paris were safe, and that without any police of any kind. "We," said a member of the Commune, "hear no longer of assassination, theft and personal assault; it seems indeed as if the police had dragged along with it to Versailles all its Conservative friends." The *cocottes* had refound the scent of their protectors—the absconding men of family, religion, and, above all, of property. In their stead, the real women of Paris showed again at the surface—heroic, noble and devoted, like the women of antiquity. Working, thinking, fighting, bleeding Paris—almost forgetful, in its incubation of a new society, of the cannibals at its gates—radiant in the enthusiasm of its historic initiative!

Opposed to this new world at Paris, behold the old world at Versailles—that assembly of the ghouls of all defunct *regimes*, Legitimists and Orleanists, eager to feed upon the carcass of the nation—with a tail of antediluvian Republicans, sanctioning, by their presence in the Assembly, the slaveholders' rebellion, relying for the maintenance of their Parliamentary Republic upon the vanity of the senile mountebank at its head, and caricaturing 1789 by holding their ghastly meetings in the *Jeu de Paume*. There it was, this Assembly, the representative of everything dead in France, propped up the semblance of life by nothing but the swords of the generals of Louis Bonaparte. Paris all truth, Versailles all lie; and that lie vented through the mouth of Thiers.

Thiers tells a deputation of the mayors of the Seine-et-Oise—"You may rely upon my word, which I have never broken!" He tells the Assembly itself that "it was the most freely elected and most Liberal Assembly France ever possessed;" he tells his motley soldiery that it was "the admiration of the world, and the finest army France ever possessed;" he tells the provinces that the bombardment of Paris by him was a myth: "If some cannon-shots have been fired, it is not the deed of the army of Versailles, but of some insurgents trying to make believe that they are fighting, while they dare not show their faces." He again tells the provinces that "the artillery of Versailles does not bombard Paris, but only cannonades it." He tells the Archbishop of Paris that the pretended executions and reprisals (!) attributed to the Versailles troops were all moonshine. He tells Paris that he was only anxious "to free it from the hideous tyrants who oppress it," and that, in fact, the Paris of the Commune was "but a handful of criminals."

The Paris of M. Thiers was not the real Paris of the "vile multitude," but a phantom Paris, the Paris of the *francs-fileurs*, the Paris of the Boulevards, male and female—the rich, the capitalist, the gilded, the idle Paris, now thronging with its lackeys, its blacklegs, its literary *bohemie*, and its *cocottes* at Versailles, Saint Denis, Rueil, and Saint Germain; considering the civil war but an agreeable diversion, eyeing the battle going on through telescopes, counting the rounds of cannon, and swearing by their own honor and that of their prostitutes, that the performance was far better got up than it used to be at the Porte St. Martin. The men who fell were really dead; the cries of the wounded were cries in good earnest; and, besides, the whole thing was so intensely historical.

This is the Paris of M. Thiers, as the Emigration of Coblentz was the France of M. de Calonne.

IV.

The first attempt of the slaveholders' conspiracy to put down Paris by getting the Prussians to occupy it, was frustrated by Bismarck's refusal. The second attempt, that of the 18th of March, ended in the rout of the army and the flight to Versailles of the Government, which ordered the whole administration to break up and follow in its track. By the semblance of peace negotiations with Paris, Thiers found the time to prepare for war against it. But where to find an army? The remnants of the line regiments were weak in number and unsafe in character. His urgent appeal to the provinces to succor Versailles, by their National Guards and volunteers, met with a flat refusal. Brittany alone furnished a handful of *Chouans* fighting under a white flag, every one of them wearing on his breast the heart of Jesus in white cloth, and shouting "Vive le Roi!" (Long live the King!) Thiers was, therefore, compelled to collect, in hot haste, a motley crew, composed of sailors, marines, Pontifical Zouaves, Valentin's gendarmes, and Pietri's *sergents-de-ville* and *mouchards*. This army, however, would have been ridiculously ineffective without the instalments of imperialist war-prisoners, which Bismarck granted in numbers just sufficient to keep the civil war a-going, and keep the Versailles Government in abject dependence on Prussia. During the war itself, the Versailles police had to look after the Versailles army, while the gendarmes had to drag it on by exposing themselves at all posts of danger. The forts which fell were not taken, but bought. The heroism of the Federals convinced Thiers the resistance of Paris was not to be broken by his own strategic genius and the bayonets at his disposal.

Meanwhile, his relations with the provinces became more and more difficult. Not one single address of approval came in to gladden Thiers and his Rurals. Quite the contrary. Deputations and addresses demanding, in a tone anything but respectful, conciliation with Paris on the basis of the unequivocal recognition of the Republic, the acknowledgment of the Communal liberties, and the dissolution of the National Assembly, whose mandate was extinct, poured in from all sides, and in such numbers that Dufaure, Thiers' Minister of Justice, in his circular of April 23 to the public prosecutors, commanded them to treat "the cry of conciliation" as a crime. In regard, however, of the hopeless prospect held out by his campaign, Thiers resolved to shift his tactics by ordering, all over the country, municipal elections to take place on the 30th of April, on the basis of the new municipal law dictated by himself to the National Assembly. What with the intrigues of his prefects, what with police intimidation, he felt quite sanguine of imparting, by the verdict of the provinces, to the National Assembly that moral power it had never possessed, and of getting at last from the provinces the physical force required for the conquest of Paris.

His banditti-warfare against Paris, exalted in his own bulletins, and the attempts of his ministers at the establishment, throughout France, of a reign of terror, Thiers was from the beginning anxious to accompany with a little byplay of conciliation, which had to serve more than one purpose. It was to dupe the provinces, to inveigle the middle class element in Paris, and, above all, to afford the professed Republicans in the National Assembly the opportunity of hiding their treason against Paris behind their faith in Thiers. On the 21st of March, when still without an army, he had declared to the Assembly, "Come what may, I will not send an army to Paris." On the 27th March he rose again: "I have found the Republic an accomplished fact, and I am firmly resolved to maintain it." In reality, he put down the revolution at Lyons and Marseilles in the name of the Republic, while the roars of his Rurals drowned the very mention of its name at Versailles. After this exploit he toned down the "accomplished fact" into an hypothetical fact. The Orleans Princes, whom he had cautiously warned off Bordeaux, were now, in flagrant breach of the law, permitted to intrigue at Dreux. The concessions held out by Thiers in his interminable interviews with the delegates from Paris and the provinces, although constantly varied in tone and color, according to time and circumstances, did in fact never come to more than the prospective restriction of revenge to the "handful of criminals implicated in the murder of Lecomte and Clement Thomas," on the well understood premiss that Paris and France were unreservedly to accept M. Thiers himself as the best of possible republics, as he, in 1830, had done with Louis Philippe. Even these concessions he not only took care to render doubtful by the official comments put upon them in the Assembly through his Ministers. He had his Dufaure to act. Dufaure, this old Orleanist lawyer, had always been the justiciary of the state of siege, as now in 1871, under Thiers, so in 1839 under Louis Philippe, and in 1849 under Louis Bonaparte's Presidency. While out of office he made a fortune by pleading for the Paris capitalists, and made political capital by pleading against the laws he had himself originated. He now hurried through the National Assembly not only a set of repressive laws which were, after the fall of Paris, to extirpate the last remnants of republican liberty in France; he foreshadowed the fate of Paris by abridging the, for him, too slow procedure of courts-martial, and by a new-fangled, Draconic code of deportation. The revolution of 1848, abolishing the penalty of death for political crimes, had replaced it by deportation. Louis Bonaparte did not dare, at least not in theory, to re-establish the *regime* of the guillotine. The Rural Assembly, not yet bold enough even to hint that the Parisians were not rebels, but assassins, had therefore to confine its prospective vengeance against Paris to Dufaure's new code of deportation. Under all these circumstances Thiers himself could not have gone on with his comedy of conciliation had it not, as he intended it to do, drawn forth shrieks of rage from the Rurals, whose ruminating mind did neither understand the play nor its necessities of hypocrisy, tergiversation and procrastination.

In sight of the impending municipal elections of the 30th April, Thiers enacted one of his great conciliation scenes on the 27th April. Amidst a flood of sentimental rhetoric, he exclaimed from the tribune of the Assembly: "There exists no conspiracy against the Republic but that of Paris, which compels us to shed French blood. I repeat it again and again. Let those impious arms fall from the hands which hold them, and chastisement will be arrested at once by an act of peace excluding only the small number of criminals." To the violent interruption of the Rurals he replied: "Gentlemen, tell me, I implore you, am I wrong? Do you really regret that I could have stated the truth, that the criminals are only a handful? Is it not fortunate in the midst of our misfortunes that those who have been capable to shed the blood of Clement Thomas and General Lecomte are but rare exceptions?"

France, however, turned a deaf ear to what Thiers flattered himself to be a parliamentary siren's song. Out of 700,000 municipal councilors returned by the 35,000 Communes still left to France, the united Legitimists, Orleanists and Bonapartists did not carry 8,000. The supplementary elections which followed were still more decidedly hostile. Thus, instead of getting from the provinces the badly needed physical force, the National Assembly lost even its last claim of moral force, that of being the expression of the universal suffrage of the country. To complete the discomfiture, the newly chosen municipal councils of all the cities of France openly threatened the usurping Assembly at Versailles with a counter Assembly at Bordeaux.

Then the long expected moment of decisive action had at last come for Bismarck. He peremptorily summoned Thiers to send to Frankfort plenipotentiaries for the definitive settlement of peace. In humble obedience to the call of his master, Thiers hastened to despatch his trusty Jules Favre, backed by Pouyer-Quartier. Pouyer-Quartier, an "eminent" Rouen cotton spinner, a fervent and even servile partisan of the Second Empire, had never found any fault with it save its commercial treaty with England, prejudicial to his own shop-interest. Hardly installed at Bordeaux as Thiers' Minister of Finance, he denounced that "unholy" treaty, hinted at its near abrogation, and had even the effrontery to try, although in vain (having counted without Bismarck), the immediate enforcement of the old protective duties against Alsace, where, he said, no previous international treaties stood in the way. This man, who considered counter-revolution as a means to put down wages at Rouen, and the surrender of French provinces as the means to bring up the price of his wares in France, was he not the one predestined to be picked out by Thiers as the helpmate of Jules Favre in his last and crowning treason?

On the arrival at Frankfort of this exquisite pair of plenipotentiaries, bully Bismarck at once met them with the imperious alternative: Either the restoration of the Empire or the unconditional acceptance of my own peace terms! These terms included a shortening of the intervals in which the war indemnity was to be paid, and the continued occupation of the Paris forts by Prussian troops until Bismarck should feel satisfied with the state of things in France; Prussia thus being recognized as the supreme arbiter in internal French politics! In return for this he offered to let loose, for the extermination of Paris, the captive Bonapartist army, and to lend them the direct assistance of Emperor William's troops. He pledged his good faith by making payment of the first instalment of the indemnity dependent on the "pacification" of Paris. Such a bait was, of course, eagerly swallowed by Thiers and his plenipotentiaries. They signed the treaty of peace on the 10th of May, and had it indorsed by the Versailles Assembly on the 18th.

In the interval between the conclusion of peace and the arrival of the Bonapartist prisoners, Thiers felt the more bound to resume his comedy of conciliation, as his Republican tools stood in sore need of a pretext for blinking their eyes at the preparations for the carnage of Paris. As late as the 18th of May he replied to a deputation of middle-class conciliators—"Whenever the insurgents will make up their minds for capitulation, the gates of Paris shall be flung wide open during a week for all except the murderers of Generals Clement Thomas and Lecomte."

A few days afterwards, when violently interpellated on these promises by the Rurals, he refused to enter into any explanations; not, however, without giving them this significant hint:—"I tell you there are impatient men amongst you, men who are in too great a hurry. They must have another eight days; at the end of these eight days there will be no more danger, and the task will be proportionate to their courage and to their capacities." As soon as MacMahon was able to assure him that he could shortly enter Paris, Thiers declared to the Assembly that "he would enter Paris with the *laws* in his hands, and demand a full expiation from the wretches who had sacrificed the lives of soldiers and destroyed public monuments." As the moment of decision drew near he said—to the Assembly, "I shall be pitiless!"—to Paris, that it was doomed; and to the Bonapartist banditti, that they had State license to wreak vengeance on Paris to their hearts' content. At last, when treachery had opened the gates of Paris to General Douai, on the 21st May, Thiers, on the 22d, revealed to the Rurals the "goal" of his conciliation comedy, which they had so obstinately persisted in not understanding. "I told you a few days ago that we were approaching *our goal*; to-day I come to tell you *the goal* is reached. The victory of order, justice and civilization is at last won!"

So it was. The civilization and justice of bourgeois order comes out in its lurid light whenever the slaves and drudges of that order rise against their masters. Then this civilization and justice stand forth as undisguised savagery and lawless revenge. Each new crisis in the class struggle between the appropriator and the producer brings out this fact more glaringly. Even the atrocities of the bourgeois in June, 1848, vanish before the ineffable infamy of 1871. The self-sacrificing heroism with which the population of Paris—men, women and children—fought for eight days after the entrance of the Versaillese, reflects as much the grandeur of their cause, as the infernal deeds of the soldiery reflect the innate spirit of that civilization of which they are the mercenary vindicators. A glorious civilization, indeed, the great problem of which is how to get rid of the heaps of corpses it made after the battle was over!

To find a parallel for the conduct of Thiers and his bloodhounds we must go back to the times of Sulla and the two Triumvirates of Rome. The same wholesale slaughter in cold blood; the same disregard, in massacre, of age and sex; the same system of torturing prisoners; the same proscriptions, but this time of a whole class; the same savage hunt after concealed leaders, lest one might escape; the same denunciations of political and private enemies; the same indifference for the butchery of entire strangers to the feud. There is but this difference, that the Romans had no mitrailleuses for the despatch, in the lump, of the proscribed, and that they had not "the law in their hands," nor on their lips the cry of "civilization."

And after those horrors, look upon the other, still more hideous, face of that bourgeois civilization as described by its own press!

"With stray shots," writes the Paris correspondent of a London Tory paper, "still ringing in the distance, and untended wounded wretches dying amid the tombstones of Pere la Chaise—with 6,000 terror-stricken insurgents wandering in an agony of despair in the labyrinth of the catacombs, and wretches hurried through the streets to be shot down in scores by the mitrailleuse—it is revolting to see the *cafes* filled with the votaries of absinthe, billiards and dominoes; female profligacy perambulating the boulevards, and the sound of revelry disturbing the night from the *cabinets particuliers* of fashionable restaurants." M. Edouard Herve writes in the *Journal de Paris*, a Versaillist journal suppressed by the Commune:—"The way in which the population of Paris (!) manifested its satisfaction yesterday was rather more than frivolous, and we fear it will grow worse as time progresses. Paris has now a *fete* day appearance, which is sadly out of place; and, unless we are to be called *Parisien de la decadence*, this sort of a thing must come to an end." And then he quotes the passage from Tacitus:—"Yet, on the morrow of that horrible struggle, even before it was completely over, Rome—degraded and corrupt—began once more to wallow in the voluptuous slough which was destroying its body and polluting its soul—alibi prælia et vulnera, alibi balnea popinaeque—(here fights and wounds, there baths and restaurants)." M. Herve only forgets to say that the "population of Paris" he speaks of is but the population of M. Thiers—the *francs-fileurs* returning in throngs from Versailles, Saint Denis, Rueil and Saint Germain—*the* Paris of the "Decline."

In all its bloody triumphs over the self-sacrificing champions of a new and better society, that nefarious civilization, based upon the enslavement of labor, drowns the moans of its victims in a hue and cry of calumny, reverberated by a world-wide echo. The serene workingmen's Paris of the Commune is suddenly changed into a pandemonium by the bloodhounds of "order." And what does this tremendous change prove to the bourgeois mind of all countries? Why, that the Commune has conspired against civilization! The Paris people die enthusiastically for the Commune in numbers unequaled in any battle known to history. What does that prove? Why, that the Commune was not the people's own government, but the usurpation of a handful of criminals! The women of Paris joyfully give up their lives at the barricades and on the place of execution. What does this prove? Why, that the demon of the Commune has changed them into Megeras Hecates! The moderation of the Commune during two months of undisputed sway is equaled only by the heroism of its defense. What does that prove? Why, at or months the Commune carefully hid, under a mask of moderation and humanity, the blood-thirstiness of its fiendish instincts, to be let loose in the hour of its agony!

The workingmen's Paris, in the act of its heroic self-holocaust, involved in its flames buildings and monuments. While tearing to pieces the living body of the proletariate, its rulers must no longer expect to return triumphantly into the intact architecture of their abodes. The government of Versailles cries, "Incendiarism!" and whispers this cue to all its agents, down to the remotest hamlet, to hunt up its enemies everywhere as suspect of professional incendiarism. The bourgeoisie of the whole world, which looks complacently upon the wholesale massacre after the battle, is convulsed by horror at the desecration of brick and mortar!

When governments give state licenses to their navies to "kill, burn, and destroy," is that a license for incendiarism? When the British troops wantonly set fire to the Capitol at Washington and to the summer palace of the Chinese Emperor, was that incendiarism? When the Prussians, not for military reasons, but out of the mere spite of revenge, burned down, by the help of petroleum, towns like Chateaudun and innumerable villages, was that incendiarism? When Thiers, during six weeks, bombarded Paris, under the pretext that he wanted to set fire to those houses only in which there were people, was that incendiarism? In war, fire is an arm as legitimate as any. Buildings held by the enemy are shelled to set them on fire. If their defenders have to retire, they themselves light the flames to prevent the attack from making use of the buildings. To be burned down has always been the inevitable fate of all buildings situated in the front of battle of all the regular armies of the world. But in the war of the enslaved against their enslavers, the only justifiable war in history, this is by no means to hold good! The Commune used fire strictly as a means of defense. They used it to stop up to the Versailles troops those long straight avenues which Haussmann had expressly opened to artillery fire; they used it to cover their retreat, in the same way as the Versaillese, in their advance, used their shells which destroyed at least as many buildings as the fire of the Commune. It is a matter of dispute, even now, which buildings were set fire to by the defense, and which by the attack. And the defense resorted to fire only then, when the Versaillese troops had already commenced their wholesale murdering of prisoners. Besides, the Commune had, long before, given full public notice that, if driven to extremities, they would bury themselves under the ruins of Paris, and make Paris a second Moscow, as the Government of Defense, but only as a cloak for its treason, had promised to do. For this purpose Trochu had found them the petroleum. The Commune knew that its opponents cared nothing for the lives of the Paris people, but cared much for their own Paris buildings. And Thiers, on the other hand, had given them notice that he would be implacable in his vengeance. No sooner had he got his army ready on one side, and the Prussians shutting up the trap on the other, then he proclaimed: "I shall be pitiless! The expiation will be complete, justice will be stern!" If the acts of the Paris workingmen were vandalism, it was the vandalism of defense in despair, not the vandalism of triumph, like that which the Christians perpetrated upon the really priceless art treasures of heathen antiquity; and even that vandalism has been justified by the historian as an unavoidable and comparatively trifling concomitant to the Titanic struggle between a new society arising and an old one breaking down. It was still less the vandalism of Haussmann, razing historic Paris to make place for the Paris of the sightseer!

But the execution by the Commune of the sixty four hostages, with the Archbishop of Paris at their head! The bourgeoisie and its army in June, 1848, re-established a custom which had long disappeared from the practice of war—the shooting of their defenceless prisoners. This brutal custom has since been more or less strictly adhered to by the suppressors of all popular commotions in Europe and India; thus proving that it constitutes a real "progress of civilization!" On the other hand, the Prussians, in France, had re-established the practice of taking hostages—innocent men, who, with their lives, were to answer to them for the acts of others. When Thiers, as we have seen, from the very beginning of the conflict, enforced the humane practice of shooting

[illegible] fair against [illegible] a weapon of any kind [illegible]

[illegible] Rurals by a [illegible]—a continuous [illegible] of September down to [illegible] through the gates of St. Cloud—[illegible] over the ruins of [illegible] of that general de[illegible] a simple Rural in [illegible] of 1848. He gloats over the cadavres [illegible] not only the extermination of [illegible] ated in reality, and [illegible]. With the shallowness characteristic of [illegible] but the surface of this tremendous [illegible] history exhibited the spectacle of a [illegible] victory by turning into, not only the gendarme, [illegible] of the conquered government! There existed no war between Prussia and the Commune of Paris. On the contrary, the Commune had accepted the peace preliminaries, and Prussia had announced her neutrality. Prussia was, therefore, no belligerent. She acted the part of a bravo, a cowardly bravo, because incurring no danger; a hired bravo, because stipulating beforehand the payment of her blood-money of 500 millions on the fall of Paris. And thus, at last, came out the true character of the war, ordained by Providence as a chastisement of godless and debauched France by pious and moral Germany! And this unparalleled breach of the law of nations, even as understood by the Old World lawyers, instead of arousing the "civilized" governments of Europe to declare the felonious Prussian Government, the mere tool of the St. Petersburg Cabinet, an outlaw among nations, only incites them to consider whether the few victims who escape the double cordon around Paris are not to be given up to the hangman at Versailles!

That after the most tremendous war of modern times, the conquering and conquered hosts should fraternize for the common massacre of the proletariate—this unparalleled event does indicate, not, as Bismarck thinks, the final repression of a new society upheaving, but the crumbling into dust of bourgeois society. The highest heroic effort of which old society is still capable is national war; and this is now proved to be a mere governmental humbug, intended to defer the struggle of classes, and to be thrown aside as soon as that class-struggle bursts out in civil war. Class rule is no longer able to disguise itself in a national uniform: the national governments are *one* as against the proletariate!

After Whit Sunday, 1871, there can be neither peace nor truce possible between the workingmen of France and the appropriators of their produce. The iron-hand of a mercenary soldiery may keep for a time both classes tied down in common oppression. But the battle must break out again and again in ever-growing dimensions, and there can be no doubt as to who will be the victor in the end—the appropriating few or the immense working majority. And the French working class is only the advanced guard of the modern proletariate!

While the European governments thus testify, before Paris, to the international character of class rule, they cry down the International Workingmen's Association—the international counter-organization of labor against the cosmopolitan conspiracy of capital—as the head fountain of all these disasters. Thiers denounced it as the despot of labor, pretending to be its liberator. Picard ordered that all communications between the French Internationals and those abroad should be cut off; Count Jaubert, Thiers' mummified accomplice of 1835, declares it the great problem of all civilized governments to weed it out. The Rurals roar against it, and the whole European press joins the chorus. An honorable French writer, completely foreign to our association, speaks as follows: "The members of the Central Committee of the National Guards, as well as the greater part of the members of the Commune, are the most active, intelligent and energetic minds of the International Workingmen's Association: * * * men who are thoroughly honest, sincere, intelligent, devoted, pure and fanatical in the *good* sense of the word." The police-tinged bourgeois mind naturally figures to itself the International Workingmen's Association as acting in the manner of a secret conspiracy, its central body ordering, from time to time, explosions in different countries. Our association is, in fact, nothing but the international bond between the most advanced workingmen in the various countries of the civilized world. Wherever, in whatever shape, and under whatever conditions the class struggle obtains any consistency, it is but natural that members of our association should stand in the foreground. The soil out of which it grows is modern society itself. It cannot be stamped out by any amount of carnage. To stamp it out, the government would have to stamp out the despotism of capital over labor—the condition of their own parasitical existence.

Workingmen's Paris, with its Commune, will be forever celebrated as the glorious harbinger of a new society. Its martyrs are enshrined in the great heart of the working class. Its exterminators history has already nailed to that eternal pillory from which all the prayers of their priests will not avail to redeem them.

THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

M. T. Boon, Fred Bradnick, G. H. Buttery, Caihil, William Hales. Kolb, Fred Lessner, B. Lucraft, George Milner, Thomas Mottershead, Charles Murray, George Odger, Pfander, Ruhl, Sadler, Cowell Stepney, William Townshend.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

Eugene Dupont, for France; Karl Marx, for Germany and Holland; Fred Engels, for Belgium and Spain; Hermann Jung, for Switzerland; P. Giovacchini, for Italy; Zevy Maurice, for Hungary; Anton Zabicki, for Poland; James Cohen, for Denmark; J. G. Eccarius, for the United States.

Hermann Jung, Chairman.
John Weston, Treasurer.
George Harris, Finnancial Sec.
John Hales, General Sec.

Office, 256 High Holborn, London, W. C.,
May 30, 1871.

NOTES

[illegible] halted [illegible] Avenue Uhrich, and was [illegible] on the footway facing to the road. General [illegible] and his staff dismounted and commenced an inspection [illegible] left of the line. Walking down slowly and eyeing the [illegible] the general stopped here and there, tapping a man on the shoulder [illegible] out of the rear ranks. In most cases, without [illegible] the individual thus selected was marched out into the [illegible] where a small supplementary column was, thus soon, [illegible] was evident that there was considerable room for error. A [illegible] pointed out to General Gallifet a man and woman for [illegible] offense. The woman, rushing out of the ranks, threw [illegible] knees and with outstretched arms, protested her innocence in passionate terms. The general waited for a pause, and then [illegible] impassible face and unmoved demeanor, said, 'Madame, I have visited every theatre in Paris, your acting will have no effect on [illegible] pas la peine de jouer la comedie'***It was not a good [illegible] to be noticeably taller, dirtier, cleaner, older, or uglier than one's neighbors. One individual in particular struck me as probably owing his speedy release from the ills of this world to his having a broken nose***Over a hundred being thus chosen, a firing party told off, and the column resumed its march, leaving them behind. A few minutes afterward a dropping fire in our rear commenced, and continued for over a quarter of an hour. It was the execution of these summarily-convicted wretches."—*Paris Correspondent "Daily News,"* June 8th.—This Gallifet, "the kept man of his wife, so notorious for her shameless exhibitions at the orgies of the Second Empire," went, during the war, by the name of the French "Ensign Pistol."

"The *Times*, which is a careful journal, and not given to sensation, tells a dreadful story of people imperfectly shot and buried before life was extinct. A great number were buried in the square round St. Jacques-la-Bouchiere; some of them very superficially. In the daytime the roar of the busy streets prevented any notice being taken; but in the stillness of the night the inhabitants of the houses in the neighborhood were roused by distant moans, and in the morning a clenched hand was seen protruding through the soil. In consequence of this, exhumations were ordered to take place***That many wounded have been buried alive I have not the slightest doubt. One case I can vouch for. When Brunel was shot with his mistress on the 24th ult. in the courtyard of a house in the Place Vendome, the bodies lay there until the afternoon of the 27th. When the burial party came to remove the corpses, they found the woman living still, and took her to an ambulance. Though she had received four bullets she is now out of danger."—*Paris Correspondent "Evening Standard,"* June 8th.

◆

DAY AND NIGHT.

The days were once too short for life and me;
The sunset came too soon—the lingering dawn
Awoke the world too late: the longest day
Still lacked that hour supreme which, flying far
On the horizon, beckoned as it fled,
And said: "I come, I come!" but came not yet,
Though longed and looked for still from day to day.

Too short for life—too short for hopes that made
Within the visible form a longer life—
Too short for all the joys that had to be
Conceived and planned and fathomed in their time.
And but for the glories sweet of stars and moon,
And dreams that were more sweet than any stars,
It had been hard to suffer the long night—
The silent night that neither spoke nor stirred;
But with the shadow of its folded wings
Shut out the ardent eyelids from the day.

Thus was it on the other side of Time
While yet the path wound dubious up the heights,
Through mists that flew aside as the winds blew
Betimes, and opened up, in glimpses sweet,
A royal road that clomb the very heavens—
A road divine that still ascending led
O'er virgin heights by no man trod before,
And vales of paradise where vulgar fool
Had ne'er profaned the flowers: a road for kings,
Worthy of one who in his right of youth
Was heir of all things worthy, and was born
To be all that was possible to man.

And on that path, amid the rising mists,
Great figures stood, that, veiled from head to foot,
Waited the traveler's coming; wondrous shapes
On whom hot Fancy rushing forth before,
Curious of all things, blazoned hasty names.
Love this, and that one Joy; and one beyond—
One later come, and of more awful form—
Grief; but all veiled, the foremost like the last.

And on this road there was no need of night;
The hours were tedious that detained and sealed
The curious eyes, and hasty lips and heart
That kept the van and ever marched before.
No need of night; but only light and space
And time, to be all, see all, learn and know
The sweet and bitter of each unknown thing,
And of all mysteries the soul and heart.

Now it is changed; up to the mountain head
Now have we climbed apace, both life and I.
The mists are all dispersed, the pathway clear,
And they who waited on the road have laid
Their veils aside, and as they know are known.
The very air that breathes about the height
Has grown articulate, and speaks plain words,
Instead of the dear murmurs of old time,
And of all mysteries there lasts but one.

All things are changed; but this most changed of all,
That I have learned the busy day by heart,
And lived my hour, and seen the marvels fade,
And all the glooms have oped their hearts to me,
And given their secrets forth. I have withdrawn
The veil from Love's fair face, and Joy has flashed
Upon my soul the sunshine of his eyes,
And Grief has wrapped me in his bitter cloak;
And pausing in the midway of my life,
Like him who once scaled heaven and fathomed hell,
The path obscure and wild has made me fear.

So now if there be any praise to say
Or song to sing, 'tis of the tender night—
The night that hushes to her silent breast
All weary heads, and hides all tears, and stills
The outcries of the earth. The watchful days
Gaze in my eyes like spies of fate, and laugh
My poor pretense at patience all to scorn;
But night comes soft, like angels out of heaven,
And hides me from the spying of the light.
And I were glad, if ever glad I were,
To think a day was done, and so could be
No more, by any power in earth or heaven
Exacted o'er again; and night and sleep
Hold wide the darkling doorways of escape
From life and the hard world; well might it chance
They should shut close behind my flying feet,
So fast as never more to ope again.
So might I wake e'er I was half aware,
Among the angels in the faithful heavens;
And ope my eyes upon the Master's face,
And following the dear guidance of his smile,
Find in my arms again what I had lost;
Such are the gentle chances of the night.

But the light morning comes and wakes the world,
And swift dispersing all the dews and clouds,
Comes to my bed and rouses me once more
To take my burden up; and with keen eyes,
Inquisitive, that search my soul,
Keeps watch upon me while I slowly fit
To my galled neck the aching yoke again.
As curious to behold how souls are moved—
And mocks and says: "Not yet escaped? Not yet
Escaped? Take up thy cross;" and thus I rise
And bind my cross upon me evermore.

This is the very morn, the self-same morn,
That was so bright of old; the gladsome day,
That to my neighbor, with a gladsome voice,
Says sweet, "Arise! Arise! the sun is up,
And life waits smiling at the chamber door;"
For I am not so rapt in my poor woes,
As to suppose the cheerful world has grown.
Dim with my shadow. 'Tis enough to say,
I am so deep discouraged with my life,
Although I have but thrid the maze half way,
That the fair daylight smiles and strikes at me.
Like one who, learned in all familiar ways
Of love, turns traitor; and the rapid hours
Have none so sweet as that which brings the dark;
Night, that can blur the boundaries of time,
And open graves, and build the fallen house,
And light the household lamp that burns no more.

'Twas sweet to live when life was fresh and young,
It would be sweet to live if life were old,
And watch, while the faint current ebbed its last,
With calm, dim eyes through softened mists of age,
The heavenly headlands heaving slow in sight.
But pausing thus upon the mountain top,
To see the dizzy turnings wind below,
All clear and bare, with naught that can be hid;
To know that Love, fled from the world, can pass
Into a helpless longing after Love;
To know that Joy flashes his angel wings,
A moment in the sunshine, and is gone.
To know, oh heaviest knowledge of the whole!
That Sorrow kills not, and that life holds fast
Its sordid thread long after murderous blows
Have made of it a very life in death.
All this to know; yet, to the distant West
Turning a steady countenance to resume
The toilsome way, and bear the heavy cross,
The mangling passion were less hard to bear.

And think ye not the darkling night is dear
To one with this chill landscape in his eyes?
The gloom that blots the weary pathway out,
And the dear sleep, which still, 'tis possible,
Might steal the traveler unawares to heaven.
Thus nightly to the leaden night I make
A welcome, in my heart, as sweet as death.
Though sometimes sad as dying. Oh, good night!
Beautiful night! That in thy dewy hand
Dost hold one sweet, small blessing like a star.
By this dear gift I am betimes beguiled
In all my heaviness and weariness,
To hold myself beloved of God; for God
Gives (He has said it) His beloved sleep.

—[*Blackwood's*.

◆

Notre Dame seems to have had a very narrow escape, and the rumors which reached us of its having been set on fire were not without foundation. It was saved by the courage and devotion of the house surgeons of the neighboring hospital, the Hotel Dieu. About three o'clock on the morning of the 24th of May—about the time when a good many distinguished Frenchmen were emerging from Cremorne, as the appropriate conclusion of a happy day spent on the Epsom Downs—M. Hanot, the house surgeon on duty in the waiting-room, was aroused by a great noise. Casks were being rolled through an opening in a neighboring barricade to the place between the hospital and the cathedral, and a lieutenant of the Nationals, with an armed following, was demanding at the gate to be furnished with gimlets, locksmith's tools and a candle. They were about to set fire to Notre Dame. The director of the Hotel Dieu was sent for; it was pointed out by him that there were nine hundred sick and wounded in the hospital, and that the destruction of the one building would necessarily involve that of the other. After a long and rough colloquy with the officer, a respite was obtained, and reference was made to the Committee of Public Safety, and a promise given that the cathedral should not be set on fire till time had been given to remove the sick. At about eleven in the morning, however, the cathedral was seen to be on fire, and smoke was issuing from one of the windows. The six house surgeons were refused the use of the fire-engine; but, collecting together a crowd of women and children, they made their way to the cathedral. The smoke was so thick and suffocating that they were on the point of being driven back; but with the help of a fireman, who gave his aid in spite of the prohibition of the Communists, they reached the source of the mischief and extinguished the flames. A burning brasier was found at the choir, and another at the high altar. The chairs, benches, &c., had been piled up around the pulpit as high as the great organ, and also around the statues of Christ and the Virgin; paper had been laid at the base of the piles. The flames were extinguished, some windows were broken to let the smoke out, every part of the cathedral was visited, and a guard organized for the purpose of preserving the cathedral from further incendiary attempts. It was not interfered with during the day, and at eleven at night this part of the city was in the hands of the troops, and the Hotel Dieu and Notre Dame were safe. M. Hanot, one of the house surgeons, who tells the story very graphically in the *Gazette Medicale de Paris*, deserves that his name should be remembered in French history.

THE TRIBUNE AND FREE LOVE AGAIN.

If there is one thing in journalistic argument more difficult than all others, it is to answer an opponent who talks at random without a basis on any principle, and who merely looks upon the facts and exigencies of the present as unrelated to any underlying and governing cause. Very much of all journalism to-day is conducted purely upon the guerrilla system, with no base of operations, striking here and there random blows, just as the present circumstances may seem to indicate, but without any regard for or connection with an ultimate to be gained.

To take a series or collection of facts relating to any special subject, and to endeavor to form a theory therefrom, or to demonstrate a proposition thereby, is to "wander among the clouds," and in this light we read the article in the *Tribune* of July 4, entitled the Anarchy of Free Love. How can any such facts as the *Tribune* cites be said to come because Mrs. Davis and others advocate free love, which has no more relation to these murders than has the religious theories their actors may accept? Beside, has the *Tribune* forgotten, or is it convenient to ignore the fact, that "free love" is comparatively speaking a new doctrine, while the murder of rivals and the poisoning of husbands and children has occurred since time immemorial? 'Tis true the *Tribune* naively says, "of course these crimes are not directly traceable to the free-love agitation," and thus either unwittingly or ignorantly destroys the whole pretense for the entire article.

If "these crimes" are not "directly traceable" to the free-love agitation, does the *Tribune* show a spirit of candor or honesty in endeavoring to shift the responsibility from where it belongs upon those who advocate free love? Without honesty and convictions of right, no person, and especially no great power like the New York *Tribune*, has any right to attempt to deceive the people or to cast odium upon any members of the community.

Now we will take the responsibility of asserting that neither of the parties concerned in the horrible murders about which the *Tribune* mutters is or was a believer in, or advocate of, the doctrines of the so-called free lovers. The very fact that they had been believers, advocates and practicers of free love would make their crimes impossible and unnecessary. The very basis of all free love is the absence of any cause for deception or practices which lead to such dreadful results. No person is entitled to call himself or herself a free lover unless he or she can fully accord to every other person the same freedom that is demanded by them. In such demand and accordance, all cause of jealousy is at once and forever removed.

In short, in freedom, where all restraint is absent, is the only possible opportunity for justice and that reciprocal action of the affections from which happiness can come. And the *Tribune's* fling about "the duties and privileges of a permanent home for pure women," falls widely short of the mark at which it was aimed; for it is not possible that the *Tribune* intended to say that the pure women of America would be less pure and less devoted to their duties, privileges and homes were there no binding marriage laws? To do this would be to acknowledge not only that it is inconsistent, but that it intends to be irrelevant.

To cite the present condition of society as a reason for continuing marriage laws which have existed so long, is to say that they have produced these conditions, base as they are, and because they have produced them, they should be kept in force, that the facts which are bad may still continue to grow worse.

The *Tribune* believes in free thought, free speech, freedom for the negro, and all other freedom but social freedom. It will do to trust freedom everywhere else. It has been trusted, with satisfactory results, in everything which it has been extended to; therefore it should not be trusted in social matters. Such is the logic and argument of the *Tribune* and those who decry freedom in the social relations. Will its readers please to examine the column article in question carefully to see if they can find the point.

Now, there is just this difference between the *Tribune* and free lovers: The *Tribune* only pretends to believe in freedom, has no deep-settled convictions of it as a principle, and does not dare to trust it as a principle; while free lovers believe in freedom and have sufficient confidence to trust it in all things, and to trust all people with it as something which will not harm a hair of their heads, instead of being the "this vague audacity of speculation" which the *Tribune* denominates it.

But from the vagaries of the *Tribune* let us come to a little analysis. We ask the *Tribune* man if he know of any man or woman who remains true to one marriage because the law of marriage compels him or her? Also, if he know any man or woman who is true to one marriage who would not remain so if present marriage laws were abolished? For our part, we consider it a poor commentary upon both the system and the virtue of humanity to say that there is no virtue existent except legal virtue. A poor commentary upon our mothers, wives and daughters, to say that they are virtuous only because the law compels them so to be. A poor commentary upon women to assert that without law they would so far cease to be women as to become prostitutes.

We are sorry to believe, and we hope it is not true, but, nevertheless, we do believe, that the number of male prostitutes could not well be increased by any means; and we do not believe that if marriage laws bindings bodies together, whether souls unite or not were abolished that there would be one more or less prostitute, but on the contrary it is the natural result of freedom to weight the truth with power.

It seems to be a remarkable thing for people to make a mistake which it is impossible ever to rectify, the *Tribune* and other respectability mongers to the contrary notwithstanding. Why will not people be consistent and apply the same rule to marriage that they apply to everything else? In everything else if a person makes a mistake, he is conjured by everybody interested to rectify it at the first possible opportunity, but if two people find they have made a mistake in marrying, it must be "sustained with fortitude" during life, without any regard whatever to the evil results to their children, if they have them, or the complete abolishment of their own happiness.

The facts of the case are, when the *Tribune* asserts that "the civilized world has accepted and believed in the prohibition of lawless desire," that there never was any such thing, as the prohibition by law of lawless desire. Lawless desire is pretty sure to find ways and means of satisfaction in spite of all law, and there would be neither more nor less of it in the world if there were no marriage law at all. Even the people of this boasted land of freedom have yet to learn the first principles upon which laws should be enacted where the sovereignty of the individual is the basis of government. No government of this kind can dictate individual action; it can only protect it within its own proper sphere and restrict it when it proceeds beyond such sphere. There can be but three varieties of conditions in marriage. First, when two are perfectly satisfied with the relations, and who would remain in them with or without law, in which case the law is null and void—of no effect. Second, when two are married, and both desire to separate, but are not permitted to do so, having freedom to form new relations. In this case the whole matter turns upon the point of whether it is the better thing to live in galling chains, or to be free to separate without consulting any beside themselves. There have been enough experiences to teach the world that it is simply futile to compel this continuance. People who hate, or are indifferent to each other, will not live a true married life. They will either conspire to obtain divorces by illegal means, or commit some offense which the law recognizes sufficiently heinous to warrant legal divorce. If they do not do this, and prefer to retain the outward semblance of marriage, they mutually agree to disagree, and each contract such relations as they may choose. Third, when one of the parties to the relation desires freedom, while the other objects. This, perhaps, would seem at first a difficult question to solve, but it is really quite as plain as either of the others. If a person is held to a disagreeable union, it may be compelled by the force of public opinion to continue; but do any suppose that a person so held is likely to remain constant to such a union if a love is contracted outside thereof? It is natural for every soul to love. If people bound in distasteful marriage find love elsewhere, how many are there who would not entertain it? There is a vast field opened by this question of the sexual relations, which cannot be considered now. We have said sufficient to show the futility of relying upon law to compel love. Love, being heigher than law, will always gain the mastery, and we could give a hundred reasons why it should have the mastery, at least why its subjects should be free to have the mastery, when the sense of duty and honor are not stronger than love. There is no halting-place between the divine right of kings and the divine right of the individual. Can the *Tribune* comprehend such a proposition.

A NEW GOVERNMENT AND THE COSMOPOLITICAL PARTY.

NO. VIII.

COMMERCE.

No nation which ever existed was ever rightfully great unless it was a commercial nation. And every nation since the height of glory of ancient Athens, which was a great commercial nation, was a great nation. The ocean carrying trade of the world has been done by various nations in different ages. At one time the Dutch possessed the seas; at another the Spanish, and again the English; still later the Yankee nation gained great prominence, and the Red, White and Blue floated in every port of the world, welcomed as the harbinger of the better time.

But a change came over the face of the great deep, disaster having sprung up in the hearts of the American people, and they being precipitated into a struggle which nearly cost the nation's life, it was taken advantage of by her powerful rival for commercial greatness, who sent fire fiends floating and swept the Stars and Stripes from the high seas.

The extraordinary financial measure which the nation was obliged to resort to to maintain the war, and the radical change in the construction of "merchantmen," placed our commerce utterly at the mercy of Great Britain, which, seeing the vantage ground to be gained, made every necessary effort to monopolize the world's commerce, and with too great success, as our present commercial condition shows but too well.

The present and prospective relations which the United States bear to the world and the coming civilization, peremptorily demand that we by some means secure the predominance of commerce of importance. The transportation of a thousand millions of merchandise to and from the country is a matter of too great moment to be allowed quietly to remain in other hands, when we as a nation are more commercially commercial than any other present nation.

But at present, from various causes we are unable to compete with English shipyards in the production of iron ships. These reasons are not wholly confined to the facts that all the material which enters into their construction is greatly enhanced by tariff extortions, and that wages are high; but that, under present financial and revenue systems, the capital which would otherwise be invested in ship building is more profitably invested elsewhere. It is true to a considerable extent that American capital is invested in ships sailing under foreign flags, because English-built ships can be purchased and sailed under foreign flags at much less expense than under the Stars and Stripes. More than this, there is a competition to overcome, in which the foreign ship-builders have a most formidable advantage, and that is the cheaper rates of interest. The difference between two and a half per cent. and ten per cent. interest for capital invested in ship-building, which difference marks the competition between English and American-built ships, is alone sufficient to amount to prohibition in this country. When to this is added the enormous duties levied on material used in the construction of ships and the internal revenue upon manufactures, is there any wonder that comparatively no ships are built in this country, or that American capital, invested in English-built ships, is sailed under foreign flags?

It is too diffusive a question to enter upon to inquire into all the facts in our governmental policy which operate against the ship-building interest. Everything which tends to inflate or increase prices belongs to them, and we have but to say that it is the duty of the government to remove every expense which stands in the way of the return of the commerce of the world to its natural possessor—the universal Yankee, who more than any other people are constitutionally commercial; and to blindly stand in the way of such return, simply that the government may realize a few more million dollars to hoard in the vaults of the Treasury, is a course so suicidal to the true interests of the country and to the general interest of humanity, through American cosmopolitan interests, that we confess to a lack of faith in the patriotism of those who are responsible therefor.

In consideration of the superior claims upon the country of the ship-building interest to that of every other industrial pursuit, we propose, as the seventh plank in the platform of the Cosmopolitical party: A complete reform in commercial and navigation laws, by which American-built or purchased ships and American seamen shall be practically protected, by the admission of all that is required for the construction of the first, or the use and maintenance of either, free, in bond or on board.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

ONE of the weakest as well as the most common arguments against the right of suffrage for women under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments is, that it is not generous to claim a right under a law whose framers had no idea of granting it. That is to say, as the men of the United States when they ratified these amendments had no intention of giving women the right to vote, therefore women should not attempt to claim any right under them even if it is clearly granted. We would call the attention of this class of sticklers for generosity to the fact that, if our male rulers did not intend to grant suffrage to women by these amendments, neither did they intend not to grant it. This being the case, we would like to know if our government, our legislators, are in the habit of passing general laws upon special subjects as important as that involving the inherent rights of the people, and if new circumstances arise among them legitimately covered by such laws, if they shall not be regulated by them?

THE COURIER-JOURNAL is satisfied with the prospects of the Democratic party, and is confident of its winning in 1872. This naturally leads to an inquiry who and what are the Democratic party? The Democratic party was dead before "the new departure;" since that event it is dead, only more so. Having accepted Republican principles, it would seem that democracy is merged in republicanism. The old platform being torn down and the old watchwords meaningless, what becomes of the men who upheld the one and shouted the other? Cured of their heresies, wandering up and down, finding no rest in the ranks of their old enemies, we see no show for them. They are not wanted.

AN Assistant Alderman has a purpose beyond laughing at the folly of the public and growing fat on the perquisites of office. One Cusick, a rough so unusually brutal as to have acquired the title of "the man eater," and whose aid in politics was so valuable that he was allowed to go free, in a moment of forgetfulness pitched into Alderman Robinson. Self-preservation is the first law.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The mails for Europe during the week ending Saturday, July 15, 1871, will close at this office on Tuesday at half-past eleven, on Wednesday at twelve, on Thursday at half-past eleven, and on Saturday at twelve o'clock.

P. H. JONES, Postmaster.

LIFE'S PITY

I think the pity of this life is love;
For though my rose-bud, thrilling into life,
  Kissed by the love-beams of the glowing sun,
Meets his fond gaze with her pure tender eyes,
Filled with the rapture of a glad surprise
  That from his light her glory shall be won;
Yet, when into her very heart he sighs,
Behold! she puts away her life—and dies.

I think the pity of this life is love;
Because, to me but little joy has come,
  Of all that most I hoped would make life's sun;
For though the perfumed seasons come and go,
The spring birds warble, e'en the rivers flow
  To meet some love that to their own doth run,
My bud of love hath bloomed for other eyes,
And I am left—to sorrow and to sighs.

I think the pity of this life is love;
For from our love we gather all life's pain,
  And place too oft our hearts on earthly shrines
Where we would kneel—but where, alas! we fall
Beneath a shadow ever past recall;
  We seek for gold, when 'tis but dross that shines.
Then—if we may not turn our hearts above—
I know the pity of this life is love.

—*Overland Monthly for June.*

Women voted in Massachusetts the other day on the question of allowing the sale of beer. In some of the towns young ladies attended the polling places, charged with ballots, on which was printed the firm "no" instead of the persuasive "yes." These paper pellets they distributed to the voters, and woe betide the young man who did not accept one and then vote it: It were better for him that he had never been born. There is henceforth no woman's smiles for him. He may enjoy his beer, and that is all that is left to him. The movement was a practical application of the new Victoria plan to "influence" the votes of men, and it was successful in many places.

The *Commercial Advertiser*, from which we copy the above, is a strenuous deprecator of all the attempts of woman to attain political equality. But if we mistake not even its editor begins to see that women are in earnest about their right to exert an influence in public matters, and if denied the ballot they will not lie supinely still under the usurpation. If men will not do them justice, women will make use of their mother wit until they compel it from them. If they cannot obtain their constitutional rights by fair means they will resort to strategy—for they will have them. We are perfectly aware of the anxiety which prevails among both political parties about the woman question. Each fears the other will make it their "new departure," and by so doing gain the ascendancy. Would it not have been more to the honor of the men of Massachusetts had they permitted the women who were thus interested in this election to have deposited their own ballots rather than to stand about the polls the whole day long to influence their lords and masters to vote right?

THE laughter of fools is as the cracking of thorns under a pot. A religious weekly, a paper whose editors hope for heaven and fear hell, and pray against plague, pestilence or famine, battle and murder or sudden death, discourses thus scientifically and wisely upon earthquakes:

This thing is becoming tiresome. If we are to have earthquakes at all, we want some full-grown ones, not puny little youngsters that haven't enough strength to give us a good shaking. The one that came along a few nights ago, and rattled things slightly on Long Island and Staten Island, would not be recognized where respectable earthquakes are known. Staten Island could produce as good a shake with chills-and-fever any time as that little humbug did. New York can get along well enough without earthquakes; it does not crave them, and it does not envy those who have them; but if they are to come around here at all, let them act decently and give us a genuine stirring up. We want to know how it feels to get a first class shaking, and at any rate we are tired of the sort of earthquakes that have been wandering about in this section lately. Let us have a change.

And this same paper that thus asks "for a change," declaims against "agitators who rave about the rights of women."

NEW YORK HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Thursday evening last, the first meeting of the new board of this Society was held, when Dr. Jas. Pech was elected conductor for the ensuing year at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, and the following gentlemen were appointed an executive committee, with all the powers of the full board, viz.: Messrs. James H. Todd, J. A. Mapes, Dr. James Pech, F. R. Batterbury and Thomas C. Lombard.

The new management seem determined to place the Society in a position second to no musical organization in the country, and it is reported that they have wealth and influence to back them. Mr. Thomas Hall, the newly elected President, is thoroughly familiar with his duties, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable acquisition, while the energy and talent of Dr. Pech are too well known to require comment. The engagement, for the coming season, of Mr. Geo. Dolby's English quartet and the famous Santley, is a move in the right direction.

TEXAS is coming into line. It feels the blessings of civilization and belonging to the Union. Time was when the Lone Star was conspicuous for the free and easy life of its settlers. Then a few cattle and a log cabin, with a rifle and a bowie knife, made life a round of joy and pleasure. This Arcadian simplicity is met now only in the wild romances of the *Weekly* and the glorious memories of Sylvanus Cobb. People deplore the good old times when honesty was not a money making profession. The red hand and the cattle reiver have subsided into the land bill and the lobbyist. A Houston exchange says:

It is now a common talk on the streets that no bill of any importance can be got'en through the Legislature without subsidizing a sufficient number of Senators and Representatives to put it through. This is no fancy picture. In every supposed case you may find a real one. Truly, honest patriotism turns aside from such a scene and weeps over the fallen condition of our country.

THE Louisville *Journal* adopts the suggestion of General Forrest, Jacob Thompson, and other prominent men of the South, that it will be best for the Southern States to hold aloof from the next Democratic National Convention. The idea is quite popular in Tennessee and Mississippi. As to Georgia, the Macon *Telegraph* says they want a change of administration "to lift from them the awful burden of proscription by the National Government." A change of men and influences is desired. The Richmond *Whig* rather likes this scheme, because it relieves the South of responsibility, and imposes it on the North. It proposes that the South adopt the platform and the ticket of the party which pleases it best.

The South stayed out once before and something happened. Who says we are not a united people, or that there are any elements of discord lying around loose among us.

IT IS an acknowledged principle in law that no explanation will avail against express words. The law will not travel out of the record when the meaning is clear and intelligible. The necessity of written contract is to abrogate all mistakes about intentions. A contracting party may make fifty verbal promises or refusals, but they are all as nothing against his writing. So with the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. The law says, all persons born, etc., are citizens—all citizens shall vote. No explanation about the intentions of individual Congressmen ought to be worth a row of pins against the express, emphatic and conclusive declaration. A lawyer who should offer any such law to the court in a civil suit would be laughed out of court.

THE St. Louis *Times* says the "social evil" ordinance of that city has been in force ten months, and that it has done more toward the suppression of prostitution and the amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate women than all the sermons that have ever been preached or all the philippics ever written against them. It has brought to the city treasury nearly twenty thousand dollars, and a revised ordinance is now before the City Council providing for the erection of a hospital and reformatory institution.

So far so good. This reads hopefully. *The amelioration of the condition of the unfortunate women* is the real point. We should like some information here. How are they better off?

THE Hartford *Courant* gives a short but well-written statistical article on the illiteracy of the women of the United States, and thence deduces how much more education is needed than political rights, concluding by an inquiry whether women are doing the work they can do. Of course not. In the first place, opinion is against woman's work. It is a social discredit. Next, woman has no right to know too much; as that disqualifies her for marriage. Lastly, why should she read about public affairs, politics, history, and so forth, when she has and can have no direct personal interest in it.

SOME DEMOCRATS start from the new departure. Others would like to go back. They will accept the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, woman suffrage, a female President, and all; then again they will do nothing of the sort. In any case, it's all up with the Democratic party. If they accept the new departure, they are not Democrats; if they do not accept it, the country will not accept them. They can and they can't, they will and they won't, they'll be damned if they do, they'll be damned if they don't.

THE *True Woman* writes to us courteously, inviting our subscription to that paper. We like honest opposition, and shall willingly exchange, if only to know what "the best talent of the country, represented in the *True Woman*," can have to say against woman's citizenship, and the acceptance of a distinct, positive enactment in words, simple, direct and unmistakable.

Is gambling right or wrong? If wrong, why do John Morrissey and John Chamberlin run their houses in New York, Long Branch and Saratoga with impunity? If right, why are the keno and faro rooms suppressed by the police? Are justice and right the basis of law and government? Is there one law for the rich and another for the poor? Is money worship the end of all republican institutions?

THE pleasant *jeu d' esprit* of the N. Y. *World*, the marriage of young Grant and the Princess, with its probable improbabilities, is a repetition of the proposed marriage of Prince John Van Buren to Queen Victoria. Such "beats" are pleasant reading for hot weather, but why not cook up facts and make them palatable; or is truth so essentially unpopular?

THE Springfield, Mass, *Republican* has this to say about the women squires:

The appointment of women justices of the peace by Governor Claflin is not yet complete. The question is raised whether such things can legally be, and the council hesitates to confirm. The Attorney General, who, though warm-hearted for woman suffrage, is cold-blooded as a lawyer, is understood to hold that there is no authority under the Constitution or laws for such appointments. The principal if not the sole lawyer in the council takes the same view; and in this emergency the Supreme Court is asked for its judgment in the matter. There is no special provision, certainly, either of law or Constitution against a woman holding office in this commonwealth. The ground against their doing so is that they are not voters, and that it is absurd and inconsistent to set them up as magistrates and office holders in a government in the making of which they have no share—in other words, that the lack of the lesser power forbids the higher; and, furthermore, that the general drift and purpose of our written law are against it. On the other hand, the General Government appoints women postmasters, and the people of towns and cities elect women for school committees. The probability is that the Supreme Court will decide against the appointments; and yet the certainty is that if the council had proceeded to confirm the nominations no one would have seriously disputed them. Massachusetts would have suffered no dishonor and no harm in adding Mrs. Howe and her equally worthy sister to her list of lesser magistrates. But she would do herself great honor if she would begin this reform at the bottom, where it ought properly to start.

The *Herald* says:

The women have received their severest wound from the hands and in the house of their "loudest" friends. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that a woman, although formally appointed a justice of the peace, can have no constitutional or legal authority to exercise any functions of that office. We wait now with our fingers in our ears to hear the explosion of the friends of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was recently appointed a female justice. The thunder and uproar that we are threatened with will drown all the popping and banging of the glorious Fourth.

Thus has the Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts declared that its Constitution is the sole authority in the matter of rights, and that the people, the citizens, acquire all their rights, privileges and immunities by and through the Constitution. In other words, the people have no inherent human rights at all; that the powers of the Constitution are superior to all human rights, being their great dispenser, instead of their guarantee and defense.

It is with the greatest difficulty that we can argue this matter courteously, or entertain patiently the constant lordings of men over women. Men, because they have got the power, assume that women have no constitutional authority or rights! When did men acquire the power to thus domineer over women? They have simply seized it tyrannously, despotically and arbitrarily. No greater act of despotism was ever enacted than is this act of the Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts. Persons whom the Constitution of the United States declare to be citizens of the United States and of the State of Massachusetts are by this arrogating Supreme Court denied a common citizen's right, and that, too, directly in the face of the Fourteenth Amendment to the supreme law of this land, the Constitution and laws of the State of Massachusetts to the contrary notwithstanding, which amendment positively prohibits the State of Massachusetts, and every other State, from making or enforcing any law which shall abridge the rights of citizens.

Is the Constitution of the United States to be thus trampled under foot by such a court as the Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts, and is Julia Ward Howe to be denied and abridged in her rights, which a greater than the State of Massachusetts has guaranteed to her? She may endure this patiently, and the men of the State of Massachusetts may continue to exercise these acts of arrogance and despotism; but if they do they will pile mountain high the material which will submerge them when justice shall at last come to woman, as come it must.

We commend to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts a careful consideration of the Fourteenth Article of Amendment to the Constitution, and the relation between it and Paragraph 2, Article VI. thereof.

THE German Socialists have not profited by the experience of France during the rule of the Commune. There was recently a meeting of such of the journeymen carpenters of Berlin as are attached to the socialistic creed, and by an overwhelming majority it was resolved that the general meeting of the Berlin carpenters pay homage to the courageous champions who have suffered death at Paris for the freedom of labor; that their Berlin brethren do so from the fullness of their hearts, and that they are resolved, by unflinchingly adhering to the socialistic principle, to erect a living monument at Berlin in memory of the heroic martyrs for freedom and right." The language in the last number of the organ of Messrs. Bebel & Liebknecht, the *Volksstaat*, at Leipsic, is quite in keeping with this resolution. These two members of the Reichstag have identified themselves with the acts of the Commune, and are ready at any moment to defend them.

WE call attention to a new competitor for public favor, called the "New Domestic Sewing Machine." Although not long before the public, it has gained many most favorable notices. It is very simple in construction, but admirably adapted to all kinds of sewing, and is not liable to get out of order. See advertisement in another column.

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

OF THE

PANTARCHY.

REMINISCENCES.

The fourth of July, one year ago, negotiations being pending between the proprietors of this paper and myself in respect to our mutual co-operation in the editorship of the paper, I read to Mrs. Woodhull the following document as an exhibit of the nature of my purposes, and as a sample of what use I should propose to make of her newspaper, if it were freely opened to me. Our negotiations were interrupted at the time without immediate result, and this editorial was crammed into a pigeon-hole and had not seen the light since. But on the fourth of July just passed, using my leisure to search over some old papers, I came upon this, and it occurred to me that the coincidence might be an omen that it would be well to publish it now. At that time the Motto or second title of the paper was UPWARD AND ONWARD, by which name, therefore, the paper is alluded to in this article. Whether now I shall carry out this particular design of a series of *Letters Extraordinary* to the readers, and especially to the young readers of the paper, is very doubtful. So many things press for a hearing that it is somewhat difficult to adhere to such a purpose in detail. S. P. A.

EPISTLE EXTRAORDINARY—No. I.

TO THE READERS OF UPWARD AND ONWARD:

In accepting the position of an editor of this newspaper I have had a special object in view beyond that of merely editing a newspaper in the ordinary way. I have many things of immense importance which I want to communicate to the people, and am about to commence an extensive system of operations for the purpose of doing so, in various ways. In part I shall make this many-sided communication through the publication of books, two or three of which I have already in type and almost ready to appear; in part through lectures and public meetings to be held by myself and by others who have become interested in the same object, through what I have shown them and convinced them of; in part by teaching in classes, and in part by conversations more or less formally conducted. But after all these methods there remains what is probably the most efficient of all—the newspaper; and the lady proprietors of this paper, knowing something of what it is that I wish to talk about, though even they do not know very much as yet, but knowing more, or believing they do, of me personally, and of my capacity to write acceptably, and even to teach—think that they are consulting their own interests and the interests of their readers by placing me in this chair, and giving me the free opportunity to talk myself out.

We shall see, as we get on, how the plan works. If it suits them, and you, and myself, it will continue; otherwise not. It is an experiment, and in this as in other things it may be said that the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

The circumstances under which I come into this experiment are very peculiar. The subject about which I wish to talk to you, in this part of the paper—these epistles extraordinary—is also very peculiar. No other such occasion ever occurred; no other such experiment was ever tried.

I claim to have discovered a new science; a very great science; the greatest that has ever come to the knowledge of the world; or, more properly, greater than any that has yet come to the knowledge of the world—for this science is as yet only known to a few, a very few people in the whole world, and to that few only imperfectly, for the want of proper text-books and other opportunity.

I say that I *claim* to have discovered this new science. I I do not much like to use that word *claim*, because it may seem arrogant or pretentious. It suggests, perhaps, the idea that I have some special property in the science; as if it belonged to me in a sense in which it does not belong to the rest of mankind. The fact of the discovery is, indeed, mine, as it had to be somebody's, in a sense in which it was no other person's; but a discovery once made, the science itself, as soon as it can be taught or published, belongs to all of you and to the rest of mankind as much as it belongs to me, and I shall be only too anxious and glad to deliver to you your property.

But this is a very troublesome kind of property to deliver to its owners. Suppose any one of you had discovered a new science, what would you do about it? You would have become possessed of a treasure of untold value, a thousand times more valuable, perhaps, than all the gold of California, and which you were holding in trust for others, to whom you would be bound in honesty and honor, and by every consideration of truth and manhood, to deliver it. And yet, on the other hand, to perform this simple act of delivery involves extraordinary exertion; years of devoted labor and mental strain, many thousand dollars of money expended in self-support; in commanding the necessary assistance of other writers; in the cost of books to consult; in printing, in draftsmanship, in wood-cutting, &c., &c., &c. And, in the meantime, the owners of this rare species of property, instead of valuing it themselves, as they will some day, lauding and glorifying your name doubtless to posterity, are wholly ignorant of its existence, unconscious of any need of it, distrustful of your purposes, of your ability, of your honesty, and more prepared to cover you with ridicule and contempt for *claiming* something, than to be accepting, sympathetic and appreciative.

If now you, any one of you, were placed in the situation of such a discover; if you had been there for many years, while the discovery was only partially wrought out; if you had adhered through thick and thin, over and through every obstacle, all along and through those many years, to your solitary and almost desperate purpose; if the very putting forth of the pretension to have made the discovery had baffled your exertions in a thousand ways; and if at length the way was somewhat cleared, if your ideas were already fitted into the types, if your books were about to appear, if the world were about to judge of your labors in its behalf; still more, if a thousand ulterior objects, also of great importance to the world, depended on the right publication and the right understanding of the New Science, and upon interesting a few earnest souls in its behalf, at an early day, would *you* not want somebody to talk to?

I say *somebody to talk to*, for this is precisely what I mean. I propose simply to *talk* to you. We have abundance of writing, and often very admirable *writing*, in books and in periodicals of all sorts down to the daily and weekly newspapers; but we have very little genuine *talk, on paper*. If this experiment succeeds; if I remain an editor of this sheet; if I please you and the lady proprietors and myself; if I go on and do what I am now planning to do, you will have *to listen* to a great deal of real *talk*. THE UPWARD AND ONWARD will be a different kind of a newspaper from any you or the world have ever seen. Don't be surprised if you forget, occasionally, the use of your eyes, and catch yourselves holding your ear down to the surface of the paper, and restraining your breath for fear *it* may interrupt the transmission of the sounds. Oh! there is ever so much difference between reading even very fine writing and actually listening to a good talk!

I want to talk to you about the new science, and a great deal about it, but that is only one among a thousand things that I want to talk about. I am full of talk; and none of it will be trivial or unimportant. I have been restraining myself these many years, in order to complete the discovery of the science, and that done, I am now ready to overflow with utterance.

I am a natural enthusiast, not in the bad sense of a mere zealot, but from the earnest conviction of great truths; and when an enthusiast *holds still* a dozen or fifteen years—with every opportunity to speak every day, with solicitation and urgency even to induce him to speak—it may be inferred that he was busily occupied with something important. That important thing, in my case, was the discovery in question.

A word more about talking. I want to talk to and interest especially the *young* readers of UPWARD AND ONWARD. I want to take you all, the young especially, and finally a much larger public, the world, into my closest confidence, and not only to talk to you, but *whisper to you* most profound and important affairs, things which nobody else in the whole world can tell you. I know things which you need to know, and which will make you rich in the knowledge of truth. I want to be permitted to educate you in a new and higher sense than anything which is now taught in the schools, and if you will give me your ears, and go along with me, I will promise to do it.

I want to make this newspaper a thousand times more than a mere newspaper; and I will make it, if you will help me, into a sort of a walking University, going about all over the country; coming into your parlors and workshops and kitchens; settling the great questions of government and labor and life in a way that a child can understand them; teaching science and art by a new and charming method; doing, in a word, for the minds of the people, more than a great library full of books, more than the schoolmaster, or the parson, or the finishing boarding-school for young ladies, or all of these combined, can hope to do.

And the chief instrumentality for accomplishing this is the new science; and as I must not allow myself to talk on, at this time, all night, I will return to this subject and say a little more about it. Of course, it is not possible to teach a science, out and out, in a newspaper; but, then, it is possible, I believe, to go a great ways toward doing so; and it is part of the experiment, our experiment let us call it—*yours* and *mine*—to see *how far* we can go. Let us make a bargain now, on the subject. I agree that if the articles, telling you about, and, in part, teaching, the new science are not found to be as interesting reading matter to the youngest children who read the paper at all as any other matter in the paper, the articles shall be stopped; and I want you, on your part, to write me and let me know when these youngsters get to sleep over these articles, or show, in any way, that they find them dull and stupid; but, on the other hand, you ought to write to me, too—to make it all fair—if these young scamps are caught sitting up after they have been told to go to bed, to finish out the last *Epistle Extraordinary*, or if they show, in any way, *an extraordinary interest in the epistles.*

But, then, you won't mind writing me, in either case, since I have proposed that you and I come into confidential relations with each other; and since such relations imply the idea of mutual correspondence; and since I do my part of it, for these particular articles are my letters to you; and since it may happen that some of your letters on the subject, if you make them spicy, will get into the newspaper and some, for that matter, of the letters of the young folks themselves, if they should take to writing to me, either on the sly; which wouldn't be *anything very bad;* or after getting papa and mamma's consent.

Well, now, I have been gossiping along until I have only space enough left, in this first letter, to tell you something about the *name* of the New Science.

I call it UNIVERSOLOGY.

Why?

Well, what would you call it?

Well, that I suppose must depend upon what it is the science of.

Precisely; well, it is a big talk about *the Universe*. Every new science, like every new baby, must have a name; and it must have a *new* name, which is not always the case with the baby. The universe, you will agree with me, is as large a subject, to say the least of it, as any other; and a talk about it must have a pretty *tall* name, and we can't do better, therefore, than to take the name, in part, from the thing itself.

But there is another part of the name, the *-logy*, which you see *stuck on*, or, as we say, in the scientific way, *affixed* to *univers(e)* to make this new word universology. You see this same *termination* or *word-ending affixed* to the names of a great many sciences, as *geology*, *zoology*, etc. Please to remember that *affixed* means *stuck on* or *fixed on*, and then you will know *so much* science. Let me whisper in your ear that a great deal of science, or of the dress of science (which is language), and much of what makes science seem so difficult, and perhaps repulsive, is merely the choice of rather nicer words for very common ideas, much as the girl in the village or city spruces up, frequently, a little more than the country girl. It wouldn't quite suit polite and learned ears to call this last end of a word, which finishes out the meaning, a *stuck on;* so they say an *affix* or sometimes a *suffix* which mean the same thing as the *stuck on.*

There are certain persons truly learned, and more frequently not *very* learned, who are very great *sticklers* for these niceties of language, or for *euphony*, which means what *sounds well*, just as there are some few very true or real ladies, but a great many more not such high types of the lady, who are great sticklers for fashion and the ornaments of dress. Now, science even furnishes scientific names for this sort of chaps among its own votaries, and calls them *purists* or *precisionists*, and when they make too much fuss about the matter the world calls them *pedants*. Still, as in the case of dress, and language is the dress of science and ideas, we can't escape from the authority of *purism* or literary fashion altogether; and it is important, therefore, that *you should know all about it;* and if you go along with me I will tell you a great many such things that many of you would hardly know where to go to find out. Do you begin to understand, now, what I mean by making a newspaper into a traveling university? It may be more important for you to know what *purism* or *precisionism* means, in respect to literary style, than to read about the last murder, or trial for adultery; and perhaps some of you ladies may adopt the word *precisionist* and apply it to the woman you know who is a great stickler for dress, and a good judge of what is becoming; who has vigorous ideas, in other words, on the subject.

I shall have a great deal to say, in talking of Universology, of *Analogy*. The parallelism I have been running between Language and a Lady's dress is an instance and illustration of what is meant by Analogy—*one thing being like another in general and in particular, while yet in a very different sphere of things.* Try to fix this in your minds about Analogy. You will find it very important.

I have been *talking* a good deal, in this letter, about *talking*, and now it turns out that Universology is itself only a big *talk*, as I have called it, about the Universe. This *word-ending*, the *logy*, the latter part of the name, is from the Greek word *logos* which meant *word;* but more truly, as used for an ending to other words, it means *talk* or *discourse*.

In another article, my next letter, next week, I will tell you, confidentially, what objections the *purists* or *precisionists* will raise to this new word, Universology; and I will tell you, also between you and me, why I snap my literary fingers in their faces, and don't care a *sous marqué* what they say. Good by, till you hear me talking to you next time.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

P. S.—As it is rather the rule in this paper, and a very good one, that the readers shall know who writes the articles, I shall sign these epistles, in full, and all other articles by me with initials.

P. S. No. 2.—You see I write like a woman. If you want to ask any question, at any time, on any of these scientific, literary or educational subjects, you have only to drop me a line. I propose to do for you, better, if possible, what a learned father or teacher would do at your elbow, or what a big brother does for the little ones. This is part of our plan, you know, to convert the newspaper into a means of accurate and thorough instruction, a new implement of positive education. *I mean that every school-master at a country cross-road shall be able by the aid of the newspaper and his own exertions to gain a more thorough education than he could get by graduating at all the colleges in the country.*

I WAS present Sunday evening, July 2, at the meeting of the several sections of the International of New York, at the Casino, corner of Houston and Mulberry streets. It was only necessary to be there to be convinced that this organiza-

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tion is no ephemeral agitation, but the beginning of a great social upheaval from the very foundations of society. To witness the scene; how that mixed French and German members, stammering with emotion in their speeches upon the same platform, and equally applauding each other, was to feel that the power of governments to create permanent hostility between their peoples is forever effectually broken.

There is still, however, lack of administrative power among the International Leaders. This great meeting, upon a subject upon which the whole world is becoming profoundly interested, passed off without the presence of a single reporter. This could not be for want of enterprise on the part of the newspapers, but from the fact that these new leaders have not yet appreciated the uses of the press; or more probably they have so long been compelled to work on in obscurity, unaided by the newspapers, that they have not waked up to the consciousness of their own present power, and to the fact that they had only to notify the press to have the press in full attendance.

The formation of the 12th of Language Section of the International, and the appointment of its committee to co-operate with a committee of the Pantarchy to elaborate a simplified language (Frang,koa) for the use of the International, in its communications from country to country, was duly announced and received with applause; also the fact that WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY had been suppressed in the New German Empire by order of Bismarck.

S. P. A.

THE LIBERAL CLUB LECTURE AGAIN.

ALWATO AND A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE—STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS AND THE INTERNATIONAL.

[Extract from the Standard's Report.]

The lecture last night at the Liberal Club was by STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, the Club having invited him to speak on a common language for the use of the Internationals.

Introductorily, Mr. Andrews spoke of his doctrine of a universal language, named, from that language itself, "Alwato." His theory, as explained by himself, is that each primitive sound of the human voice, which he puts at sixty to sixty-four in all, has a meaning or force corresponding to it. For instance, the "r," as sounded by other nationalities—Englishmen and Americans had almost lost its roll—implies motion accompanied by violence, a rush, a force. The idea is not entirely new. It is to be found in "Plato's Phædo." It had been suggested to the lecturer by the Hungarian Professor Kraitsir. But the full elaboration of the idea, the ascertaining of what class of ideas each sound corresponded to, was a work of extreme difficulty and labor. But he had finally effected this work, and had formed a language which would express all ideas on this system by its combinations, and this he called "alwato," the proper name in the language. Such a language would be first introduced in technical and scientific thought, and would then extend to common speech. If introduced, each word would be self-defining. Mr. Andrews here gave an illustration of how, under this new scheme, two sounds uniting might express a new compound, and then, as a new radical, might be modified in various ways by affixes, each expressing a distinct mood of the original or radical idea.

This, however, was but introductory. The point on which they had asked him to speak was a common language for the Internationals. The Internationals were a great and rapidly augmenting body of workingmen. Those who now belonged to it spoke nine different languages. One of the fundamental ideas of the society was the abolition of frontiers, and the first difficulty met was the difference in language. There were some two thousand languages in the world, and while railroads and other facilities of travel were bringing the different people together, it was felt to be a pressing necessity to have some other way of affording inter-communication than the difficult and imperfect process of learning different imperfect languages. Mr. Drury, the founder of the American branch of the International, had submitted to him the idea of preparing a general language for the use of the Internationals. In doing this they would have to begin at the other end from the source of "Alwato," namely, at the empiric end. His phonographic connections, which included Mr. Munson, had been of great use to him. For example, twelve words make up one-fourth of the ordinary speech and writing, twenty-four words one-third, one hundred words one-half. The root words of the Indo-European languages are only between four and five hundred. The first effort was to obtain a new and universal orthography, and it had been agreed between them that this new orthography should be in accordance with the principles of "Alwato," using as far as possible the Roman letters. On this alphabet they had agreed. As for the new language, they had two examples—the Lingua Franca of the Orient, and the Lingua Franca of the peddlers, organ-grinders and gypsies of the West of Europe. So they called this new language Frang,koa. In this new language they would seek to avoid special lingual difficulties of different tongues, as the English "th," the German "ch" and the French nasals. There was a steady movement toward smelting all languages together. England formerly had six languages, now substantially one. Spain had fourteen, but the Castilian had prevailed. Italy still had thirty or more, because she was so divided; but, as her government was now unified, so would be her language, and as the system of government of the world was going into a great unification, so must the language.

[Exract from the Times Report.]

Mr. Andrews next illustrated the process of word-building, and, to show the relationship between the words and the ideas represented, he took the constitution of human society and its distribution into its various constituents and governmental aspects. It will be found, he said, that in the precise order of the series pointed out, the governmental idea is steadilye volving itself, or developing. First, in personal government, *stito;* second, in relational government or limited monarchy and republicanism, *steto;* third, in plutocracy, *stato.* We are just passing through the transformation from *steto* to *stato*, from the government of laws to the government of riches. Mr. Andrews next passed to the International Society, having its headquarters in London. He said it had branches in every nation in Europe and also in America, a branch being established in New York. The Internationals find the difficulty of language pressing on them, and the leaders of the party in this city had requested him to publish a common form of language for their use. He was giving the subject his attention, and with the assistance of other gentlemen, he hoped to succeed. He would utilize phonography in the attempt, and get up vocabularies containing the most important words. He would also adopt a common alphabet, which will represent the sounds of all languages, so that the Internationals of all countries can use it. The English "th" and the French nasals will be avoided, and the vocabulary will be made up from words of simple structure, so that there will be no difficulty in pronunciation. He proposed to name this new language "Frang,koa," and he hoped not alone to see an universal language, but also the unification of the whole world under one system of government. [Cheers.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Under ordinary circumstances the publication of letters which contain laudatory personalities of ourselves or our co-laborers is not in good taste: but the revolutionary promulgators of new and of especially unpopular phases of the truth stand in an exceptional position. So much bad is said of us that it will furnish variety to let the world know occasionally that we are sometimes well spoken of also. Perhaps they might not otherwise suspect it, and it would be a pity that they should not know that there are two sides to the picture.

GENESKO, Henry County, Ill., July 3, 1871.

HON. S. P. ANDREWS:

Dear Sir: For twenty years I have known of you through Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, and have often read articles from your pen; have often commented upon your characteristics, your humanitarian spirit and unselfish philanthropy with your old friends, who had the honor of your acquaintance in former years, which I had not. For some two years I have also seen something of your ideas of Universology, Pantarchy, etc., and of late have read the WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, especially the numbers of the months of April and of June 10 and 17, and see much of your philosophy in its columns. This ably conducted paper abounds in originality, and both delights and instructs me.

I see by a letter from Bro. Lewis to yourself that you have of late been bereft of the wife whom I have known of as the companion of your long struggling years. Allow me, though personally a stranger, to offer my sympathy with you for this great loss. May God the Father be your supporter, and His holy angels lift you up on high continually, and wrap you in the bosom of the higher intelligence and continually baptize you with the breath of inspiration. Such is the prayer of your appreciative stranger friend. May your years be lengthened and your strength of body and mind last till you realize your fondest hopes in the fullness of their fruition. In reference to your mission to the family of man, may you live to reap the harvest of laurels that will be your reward for your labor for the improvement of mankind. Still greater, however, will be your reward in the eternal hereafter, when you look from the home of the Invisibles to behold the fruits of your unfolded Universology—blessing the generations to come. Your immense labor is before and around you. Your reward will endure through the countless ages of the future.

I am waiting, waiting, waiting to behold the niche I may fill in the mighty temple of Labor, going up for the rescue of the liberties of the race—Socially, Spiritually and Politically.

I always had to do what others failed to do, in any crisis during my life—which has been a checkered one. I am waiting to be summoned now, or to see some deserted post that needs a champion. I wish I could confer with you, with a view of doing good, somewhere in the world, where others have not filled the vacuum.

At the present I see nothing save to follow my profession as a physician, to earn my daily bread and that of my noble-hearted orphan son. But I feel that the future will call for me in another work in some way connected with universal reform. I know not how or when or where. Perhaps that will take of itself, while I attend to the needs of the present.

MARY A. MITCHELL.

MY DEAR MR. ANDREWS:

Although not having met you for years, it may be that you have not forgotten me, or may even still recognize me as one of "the soldiers in the Army of Progress."

I am a reader and distributor of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, and I have read with deep interest your articles therein. Your last one in the number just received for July 8, sounds like the blast of a trumpet, calling the scattered hosts of Reform to "fall into line" for the coming conflict—the great battle of Truth and Righteousness—which is to inaugurate, peaceably, if possible, the Kingdom of Harmony, for which humanity has so long labored and prayed. I have looked forward for years for some universal movement that would include all other movements for the establishment of the true relations which each member of the human family should sustain toward every other. And while thus looking my mind has frequently turned to you. I do hope this is the beginning of the New Era which has been so often foreshadowed in the declarations of those who have been blessed with prophetic vision.

That this new order of things, however, can be established without a most sanguinary conflict, I am very much in doubt. "The powers that be" are too tenacious of their position to yield without a struggle—even unto death. But, whether it come through peaceful means or through "red seas" of blood, nevertheless it must come. Justice must be established, if the race is to continue. There are things far more to be dreaded than death—tyranny, oppression, a continual looking for and fear of poverty and want, to which millions of the race are doomed, and which does not deserve the name of life, but is a dying by inches.

I am glad to see you speak such grand words for her who may be hailed as the Prophet and Evangel of the New Dispensation—Humanity's Queen Victoria. "Unknown, yet well known," she seems to me of a superior, high-born nature, worthy to be the leader and Messiah to go forth at the bugle-cry of an uprising humanity.

I desire very much to know to what extent the organization of the Pantarchy is effected, and whatever else may be desirable for one to know who is fully in sympathy with it, so far as I understand it.

With sincere regard, I am

Very truly yours,

MILO A. TOWNSEND.

BEAVER FALLS, PA., July 4, 1871.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY, N. Y., June 8, 1871.

S. P. ANDREWS:

I have no apology to give for writing you; a strange power, outside myself, impels it. I have no right to do it, only the one a human being has who is bound hand and foot, ground to powder, suffering in soul and body beyond endurance, has a right to cry out to any one who can understand and will hear the cry. You are not wholly a stranger to me; you have been one of my educators; I have always dared to read what you pleased to write, and investigate for myself your ideas and principles. I am sure you love humanity. You have seen much of the world; may I come to you with the story of my sad life? Will you listen to me, give me your best thought and counsel, and see if you can point me to a "way of salvation" from some of my ills? I will say no more till I hear from you.

Trustingly and truly,

ELIZABETH ——.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1871.

DEAR PANTARCH: You must not think that my part in the conversation last evening evinced any hesitation to accept the Pantarchy in its entire fullness. It has long been my conviction that the intelligent acceptance of any theory is better than that blind acceptance which, imposed by authority merely, may be subsequently revoked. Hence the discussion which, I own, I purposely provoked. There were, in my judgment, one or two persons present that needed the lesson, and I ask pardon if what I may have said provoked the exhibition of a little impatience which, under all the circumstances, was quite excusable. Hereafter I will not interfere in the same manner. I would not like to be excluded from the little school which I have to a certain degree been influential in establishing. I have had quite enough experience of dissension, and would "just once" like to have a "realizing sense" of the other sort.

And now, one word with respect to the proposed formation of another English-speaking section of the International, for the purpose of introducing among its several sections a common language which shall be available as a medium of correspondence. There is nothing in the objects of the International which you will disapprove, falling as they do exactly within the limitation of the "Grand Order of Justice," so eloquently set forth in the prospectus of the League, and quite consistent with the objects of the Pantarchy. It would be well, however, if the new section did not meet at your residence, except to organize, as one of the rules of the society provides that the members of each section may attend the meetings of any of the sections at pleasure, and it may not be desirable to have large and miscellaneous meetings at a private residence. Some definite plan will have to be adopted by the Committee on Language which will, of course, be appointed. Let me suggest, also—if I may be permitted to do so—that the plan be made as simple as possible, and merely introductory, so to speak, of the grand system you have devised. And, above all, let there be no needless hurry, so that it may be thoroughly digested and understood.

Yours, truly, WILLIAM WEST.

BULLETIN DE L'UNION REPUBLICAINE DE LANGUE FRANCAISE.

This is a neat and earnest little newspaper in the French language, devoted to the cause of the International, the defense of the Commune, and to radical progress generally. It only publishes manuscripts accepted by the "Sections" (of the International) and communicated by the Secretaries. The *Franco-American*, equally with the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, is denounced as recreant to the interests of the workingmen, and as coming short of any true understanding of the present situation of the world, and especially of international affairs. The *Bulletin* is published at 165 Worcester street, New York, at $1 00 a year.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press to the effect that it is the female mosquito that bites. This is what the men call "biting sarcasm." How it stings!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go sputtering over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry,
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the busy reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

—*Salem (N. J.) Standard.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Woman's Suffrage Association adjourned at its last meeting to reassemble at the call of the President; whereas, at the previous meeting, a strong disposition was manifested to continue its deliberations, even during the summer months. With your permission I propose to give your readers a slight sketch of the somewhat farcical, but yet significant, events that seem to have brought about this change of programme, with which, indeed, I suppose my own small agency may have had somewhat to do. At the previous meeting to the last, a gentleman offered the use of his schoolroom to the association during the vacation months; which offer was accepted with a vote of thanks—a manifest declaration of the intention of these ladies to continue their labors in the cause during that heated season when all who have it in their power seek refuge from exertion. This meeting closed, it will be remembered, with the addresses of Mrs. Walker and myself, in which some of our sisters were reminded of their closer devotion to the anatomizing of individual character than their interest in the larger study of the great political principle which it should have been their aim to enforce. These bolder statements of Mrs. Walker and myself, urging upon all women the broadest mental philosophy and its accompanying Christian charity, with the emancipation of the mind from all trammels of faith, custom or common interest, and the perfect freedom of each woman's individuality, alarmed some of those who still worship caste and social position and conventionalism, or perhaps that

"——— church which shows
What's good and doth no good;"

who expressed their dissent by leaving the room. At the last meeting the whole tone of feeling was changed. The gentleman who had been pleased, probably with the idea of aiding beauty in fashionable array in discussing, with elegant propriety, a subject growing in popularity and public attention, was frightened at the awful sound of "Free Love"—like the young inquirer of Christ who would have saved his goods as well as his soul—and withdrew the offer of his school-room. The Treasurer and Secretary resigned, and several farewell addresses were made. The scene to me was very ludicrous. The flutter among these ladies was an absurd counterpart of the dismay of the prosy and pragmatical members of the Long Parliament, when Cromwell pounced upon them like a hawk upon a brood of politic hens.

In one of these farewell addresses it was said with much display of feeling, but with an ambiguity that renders doubtful the meaning of the speaker, that behind certain ideas that had been urged in this association, there was a man, terrible monster, of whom this lady seems so much afraid that she proposes to get up a conventual society from which all males are to be excluded. As I suppose this to have some reference to what I said at the previous meeting, it prompts me to ask the following questions:

Did the lady mean to signify by this that those who had uttered these ideas had done so under the psychological influence of a man? Or would she infer that those who prefer freedom of thought and action to the chains of habit and opinion must be inspired by man (such liberty of thought and action having, indeed, been hitherto almost wholly the prerogatives of the freer sex)? Or did she seek to insinuate that lust for the animal man, or mere sensuality, prompted those who worship freedom as a principle in all things, and in love as the highest? For God himself is love, and necessarily a free lover, since he loves even the unworthy, and is the author of that principle of generation which is the primal cause of being.

In either of these cases the imputation is unworthy one who, claiming the right of thinking and acting for herself, should not attempt to bound others by her own mental perception. Can she do nothing without the inspiration of her male companion, that she should impute a like weakness to others? Or is she guided in her principles by her wishes or emotions, and not by love of truth solely? This lady demands suffrage for women. Well might I say to her with the conservative world, and with a like logic to her own: Behind this demand, there is an unreasoning hatred of man, a mere woman's spite and not a love of principle. Fortunately the judgment of these conservative reformers, who want the world to stop at the mental point to which they have attained, will not arrest the course of progress, though it is such as they retard it. Their conservatism, like the obscuratism, as Goethe calls it, which would retain the old, no matter how bad, for fear the new should be worse, is the worship of expediency, instead of right. They do not seem to know that each step in progress, as it is attained to, lapses into a new conservatism, which demands a new reform; and having no real faith in the soul of man, see not that it is coercion and restraint that drive certain broad and free souls into mad excesses, which perfect freedom would expand into true uses. Thus, there is always a vanguard of reform widening the dominion of the soul of man over falsity. In this age, those who compose this vanguard are in no danger of the rack, the wheel or the thumbscrew, and need fear no other martyrdom than that of social ostracism, or to be saluted with those looks that imply the "stand aside, I am better than thou," nor dread other inquisition than the inquisition of inquisitive souls, with only the scarecrow tortures of opinion at their command.

We who enjoy all that freedom which is possible to us, under the law of necessity and our duty to humanity, have thought ourselves out into our mental position, and may well let Conservative souls grovel in their tutelage. "Beware of man, and man's deceit" said this lady. She might as well have enlarged her caution into that thorough inculcation of the wariness of living which fear engenders, contained in the words of Pope:

"Beware of all, but most beware of man."

But the maxim of the true free lover is "Fear nothing but Falsehood." It has been well said, that a man is never so near doing right as when he knows not what he is doing. Fear is the demon of the threshold of knowledge, the devil which tyranny has invented to keep ignorance in subjection. It is one of the most potent instruments of so-called religion. It may be well to remark here that this lady seems, with the world at large, not to distinguish between free life and free love. The Greeks, in their worship, made a fine discrimination between Eros, the god of passion, and Anteros, the god of love.

The few noble and high-thoughted women who have advanced to the perception of the grandeur of the true laws that should govern the relation of the sexes, are too intense thinkers, or else too advanced in years or experience, to seek the merely sensuous, much less the sensual. The woman who believes in free love as a philosophical and scientific principle, does not need to be told to beware of man. She knows him as a part of her study of human nature, and the principles of free love. Submitting, as patiently as she can, to the destiny which forces upon her the companionship of the deceitful and unworthy, whom she detects at sight, she trusts herself and her whole soul only to those whom she knows to be good and true. Like the naturalist, she needs not to be cautioned against noxious animals. Shakespeare wrote; "A man may see how this world goes with no eyes." The principles of free love enlarge the soul of a woman into that celestial sphere of goodness, truth and purity, where her spiritual eyes are open to the perception of those falsities of character which pertain to the narrow views and prejudices of more earthly mental conditions. The true free lover is one who is born again into love out of the hate-engendered social conditions of our present earthly state.

The gentleman who followed the lady above mentioned urged the necessity of confining the deliberations of the Association to the question of suffrage, probably a hit at my having, at the previous session, disturbed the Quaker deliberations of these political aspirants with the bombshell of free love. But in my address of the previous Friday I did not introduce this topic, so abhorred by the trim and rigid sisterhood, as a theme for discussion, but merely adverted to it, counseling those engaged in demanding suffrage for the sex that they should not contemn nor frown upon their sister workers who added a further freedom of opinion upon the great subject of freedom to their advanced thought upon the subject of suffrage. And, besides, have we not had in the Association dissertations, almost *ad nauseam*, upon the "Women of History," the "Women of the Bible," etc., etc., and, pray, why not also on the "Women of Freedom," as they are to be in the coming reign of woman's rights?

Besides, have you not settled that woman suffrage now exists as woman's right, and all that is now necessary to be done is to follow the direction you have given and force upon Congress or the courts the necessity of its recognition?

Yours for freedom,

FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

Opium, alcohol and other unwholesome stimulants are resorted to by most men in order that they may experience occasionally that degree of exhilaration which, in a right state of society, all men will have permanently.

PERIN, Washington Territory.

I can but express my gladness at the present move of woman in the right direction, in demanding the right of suffrage. How unjust that she should have no voice in framing laws for her own government, but, like a slave, must submit to the exclusive government of the male! It is simply *barbarism*, and has no plea of justice or reason to uphold it.

Thanks to the scientific enlightenment of the present age that has opened the way and encouraged woman to demand her rights.

She has been kept in a comparatively degraded condition; refused the equal benefits of education, participation in professions and employments, denied equal wages for equal work, equal ownership and control of property, and even the ownership and control of her own children!

She has stood in somewhat the same relation to man as his brood mare, with this difference: he has been careful in the condition and surroundings of his brood mare, with a view to the improvement of the stock; but has been perfectly reckless in that matter with woman, and has only made her pander to his passions, regardless of results, and the consequence is, she suckles vastly more fools than men. She has been left in ignorance of her own organization, the laws of human life and development. Hence the low scale of development in the race, in which inferiority is the rule and superiority the exception. Whereas, under right conditions, the rule would be reversed, and physical, intellectual and moral goodness the rule, and badness the exception.

But man, in his carefulness to keep woman in a subordinate condition, has made a fool of himself and don't know the cause—cannot see that elevating woman elevates the race, or degrading her degrades the race. But he is getting his eyes open a little, and I hope you will persevere and be successful in prying them wide open.

Respectfully, F. H. M.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, June 18, 1871.

With a copy of the WEEKLY, just read, lying before me, I feel compelled to make acknowledgment of the benefits I have derived from it. I have read it from the first number and verily believe that no publication, periodical or permanent, ever did me so much good. I am indebted to it for the completion of my deliverance from dogmatic conservatism, wherein I now so greatly rejoice.

It also affords me great pleasure to say that I have recently discovered that the WEEKLY is read to a greater extent around me than I had supposed. Yesterday some four or five gentlemen were engaged in conversation on the signs of the times. Of course, the subject of the Woman's Rights movement came up. Four of the talkers at once declared their adhesion to the reform in its largest sense; one was doubtful on some ground of what is called "propriety," I believe; and the sixth delivered a tirade against "Free Love," which he regarded as the legitimate result of female suffrage. The WEEKLY having been mentioned opprobriously by this speaker, I at once declared my admiration of it, and my indebtedness to it, and was greatly surprised to find my motion warmly seconded by a gentleman who holds high official position in the State, and whom I regard as one of our purest and ablest men. I knew that he had imbibed some liberal ideas and was athirst for more; but I was not aware that he had ever even heard of the WEEKLY, but was informed by him that he had been reading it for some time, and heard him repeat emphatically that it was, by long odds, his favorite of all the papers now published. He spoke with deep and sincere feeling of his obligations to it. The conversation ran on, and, before it closed, the two objectors to the reform in behalf of woman were not only on the fence, but slowly climbing down on the right side.

The WEEKLY is right in making its platform embrace "Social Reconstruction entire;" and the wisdom involved in this position convinces me that the paper will be even a greater power in the land than it is now, after those timid organs which have such a hydrophobiac horror of Free Love shall have been drowned out by the rising tide of reform.

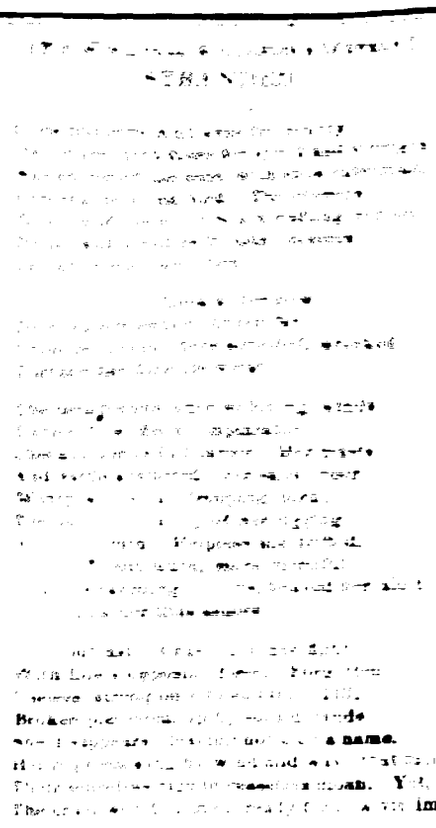
The contributions of Mr. Andrews are always in the highest degree instructive and improving. They are sunshine and air, victuals, food and clothing to the spirit.

The names of all the contributors, and of many other Northern men and women who sympathize with the objects of the paper, and are laboring seriously to secure them, are well known to a number of us down here, and are enshrined in our hearts.

Old ideas are slowly dying in these ends of the earth—or, perhaps, I should say that they are dying rapidly just now, having proceeded somewhat tardily for some years past, in consequence of an elbow in the "spout." Having gotten past that, I think they will now "go up" with comparative celerity. Yours, gratefully, J. E. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 27, 1871.

If you will please send to my address a few copies of your spirited paper, I think I can do good service with them. A word of cheer. March on in your might. We veterans in the war for woman suffrage look upon you in your youthful vigor and strength with maternal fondness. Your words, clear and sharp as a Damascus blade, stir up the aged blood and send it coursing through the veins and thrilling the nerves, till we fancy ourselves young again, and spring forward to new deeds of daring and valor. California sends you greeting. M. A. B.



H.

THE PENNINGTON SEMINARY.

Nestled among the beautiful groves and grassy slopes of Pennington, a lovely village of New Jersey, stands a handsome group of buildings known as the Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, where, for the past thirty years, from one to two hundred young men and maidens have annually been taught in the most practical and approved manner. For four years the general supervision of the school has devolved upon the Rev. Thomas Hanlon, D. D., who was appointed by the New Jersey Conference to fill the post for a term of six years.

On Thursday week last the village was alive with the relatives and friends of the students and professors, who had assembled to attend the commencement exercises of the institution. The exercises were of a very interesting character, and showed the proficiency of the students in the various useful and ornamental branches.

Prof. Dilks, the vice-principal, was unremitting in his attentions to the guests, and the pleasant singing added greatly to the interest of the occasion. Prof. Bobb, with all his learning, has not forgotten that he was once a boy himself, and is a prime favorite with every member of the school. Prof. Chas. Grobe, whose name is familiar as household words to every aspiring pianist throughout the length and breadth of the land, is a large-hearted, genial gentleman, with boundless patience in his profession, and has brought many of his scholars to quite a degree of proficiency.

We must not forget the fairer members of the faculty, prominent among whom is Miss Bartine, the preceptress, who has entire control of the social hours of the young ladies and their ornamental accomplishments. Ample evidence of her ability and success was seen in the beautiful specimens of painting, drawing, wax-work, &c., which were on exhibition. She is a refined and cultivated person, and her influence upon the young girls placed in her charge must be beneficial in the extreme. Mrs. Lecompte, who teaches French, German and singing, is ably assisted in the former by Miss Mary Hanlon, who also teaches the higher English branches, and is very popular with both boys and girls.

At the close of the exercises, when Dr. Hanlon arose to confer diplomas upon the graduating class, his benign and gentle aspect were quite sufficient to dispel any possible remaining doubt as to the merits of the scandal concerning him which has lately been so widely circulated. In a school of this size there are necessarily many unruly spirits who are not amenable to moral suasion or the milder forms of correction, however much the Principal may desire so to govern them, and, with such, severer measures must occasionally be resorted to. Bean-shooting is comparatively an innocent, although not a highly intellectual amusement, but slingshots are weapons of very nearly as deadly a character as pistols, the projectile used being buckshot, which are propelled with sufficient force to endanger human life. The designation of these weapons as "bean-shooters" in the columns of the daily press of this city gives evidence of woful ignorance or malice, and is only excelled by the statement that Dr. Hanlon is "a tall, sleek-looking individual, with red hair and nose, and blood-shot eyes," and a perceptible fondness for strong drink. The author of this statement could surely never have seen the gentleman in question, or he would not have mistaken coal black hair, eyes beaming with intelligence, and a dignified, courteous bearing for the very vulgar attributes he ascribed to him. It was only after numerous complaints from the townspeople against the use of slingshots, and when no threat or mild punishment availed, that the limit of forbearance was reached, and Dr. Hanlon finally concluded to whip the guilty parties rather than send them home or adrift. This was done in his office, in the presence of only a few students (among whom was the son of the writer) who expected like treatment, and were excused on the plea of its being a first offense on their part, and the chastisement was less severe than most of them had been accustomed to receive at the hands of their parents. The extent of their injuries may be surmised from the fact that three of the boys were quite able immediately thereafter to walk eight miles to take the evening train for New York, while the fourth remained at school and appeared at chapel next morning as usual. Strange to say, no investigation was made by Master Hooker's parents as to the extent of his frightful wounds until, on his return to Pennington with his father a few days after, and then at the request of Rev. John Hanlon, when only the remains of a slight abrasion of the skin were found.

We are strenuously opposed to corporal punishment, and firmly believe that if a child is properly trained from early youth, no necessity for its use will ever exist; but, unfortunately, the rod is not yet banished from the home-circle, and a radical change in this respect is often impossible. In view of the gross misstatements made by the boys, and, through them, by the press, all calculated to injure a good name and a good school, Dr. Hanlon has decided to abolish even the very infrequent use of corporal punishment, preferring to expel boys who can be managed by no other method. And yet this, to us, seems hardly the right thing to do, for many of the boys are placed at the seminary for a home as well as an education, while their parents are away traveling or at sea, and are literally homeless for the time being. And, again, it is just the treatment some boys would like only too well, and is a premium with a certain class on bad behavior. The new plan is, however, the result of much earnest thought and a genuine heartfelt desire for the welfare of the school and the happiness of the scholars, and we hope the results will prove satisfactory.

The advantages of the Pennington Seminary as a school for both sexes are manifold, for mind, manners and morals are alike cultivated, and the chief aim of the institution is to fit its inmates for the practical realities of life—to make brave men and women who will be equal to any emergency, and at the same time ornament any station in society they may be called to fill.

WHOLESALE SPOLIATION OF SETTLERS—A JOYFULL DECISION.

GRANT, HARLAN, GREELEY, JOY, BROWNING, DELANO & CO.—"MY POLICY" VERSUS SETTLERS' RIGHTS.

THE "TRIBUNE" ON TWO HORSES.

[The following communication was sent to the *Tribune* recently, not with the least expectation that it would be inserted, but to show up the one-sided hypocrisy by which it is controlled and the omnipotence of railroad and land rings. Its non-insertion also proves the necessity for vigorously supporting the few American journals that are not one-sided special pleaders. The non-publication of the recent discoveries of atrocities committed at the Picpas Convent in Paris (of which, perhaps, more anon) by leading United States journals, and the persistent misrepresentations of the position and objects of the Paris Communists (in the teeth even of statements by their own correspondents), are further evidences of the "Holy Alliance" between the American press and European despotisms, civil and ecclesiastical.—JUSTICE.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITORS "TRIBUNE":

Gentlemen—How comes it that the *Tribune*, advocating settlers' rights, free homesteads, etc., in general and in theory, usually in practice favors any land-grabbing scheme that is sufficiently gigantic? In your editorial of the 29th May you say that the "right of the Cherokee Indians to the lands beyond the Mississippi * * * * * has again been confirmed," etc., referring to a recent decision of a court at Topeka relative to the Cherokee neutral lands in southeastern Kansas, 800,000 acres of which were sold by pious Harlan, when Secretary of the Interior, to one Joy, speculator, of Detroit, at one dollar per acre, under the farce of a treaty contrary to the long-declared policy of this government, under which those lands, if purchased from the Indians at all, should have been open to actual settlers on the usual terms. By such they are now largely, if not wholly, occupied and improved.

So far as the interest of the Indians may be involved, it could easily have been otherwise secured; but the decision is really in the interest of Joy and his "ring," and, as far as carried out, deprives actual settlers not only of the occupancy of the land but also of their improvements.

Soon after the transaction was supposed to have been completed, Harlan (who is so pious that he felt compelled to discharge Walt. Whitman from a clerkship in his Department) vacated, and was succeeded by Browning, who (being probably less pious) had some qualms about the Harlan transaction and decided it to be illegal and invalid, but subsequently repeated its substance with a change of form (doubtless having been *presented* with reasons which enabled him to see the merits of the transaction more clearly).

At the last session of Congress, a bill passed both Houses enacting that whenever in any suit at law the decision should be adverse to the actual settler and in favor of any railroad or land company, such company to pay the settler the value of his improvements. During the last hours of the session it was presented to the President for signature, who (it is reported) asked Delano "What's this?" "Better let that go over," he replied, and it went over accordingly. Now, before it can be again got through, a decision is obtained from the United States Circuit Court of Kansas designed to rob those settlers, not only of their lands, but also of their improvements thereon, to benefit Joy & Co. The "Co." appears to include, directly or indirectly, Grant, Harlan, Browning, Delano and the Judges of the United States Circuit Court in Topeka; if it does not it should. These men have sold their souls to the (railroad) devil and are entitled to the price.

Grant hasn't troops enough to protect poor settlers in the West or poor darkeys in the South; but he has plenty to protect rich swindlers in their rights (?) to swindle. He keeps a company or two of soldiers at Fort Scott for that purpose, while troops are much needed for legitimate purposes to keep order in various States and Territories. Though he claims to have no "policy," it seems that his policy is very decided in favor of land monopolists. All land grants he unhesitatingly signs, but a bill to protect settlers' rights must "go over."

I have not herein referred to the claim made on behalf of the settlers (and sustained by a Congressional Committee, which, I think, included the Hon. Geo. W. Julian), that the Indians held that land only by occupancy, and had forfeited it not only by voluntary abandonment but by taking sides with the rebels. The court had, probably, opportunities of learning the law and the facts relative to the Indian title superior to mine; but the Indians, if interested at all, are the least interested parties in the case, and might be paid their money, directly or indirectly, by the settlers who have made this land worth what it is.

How it may be with law courts in Kansas I know not; but you know very well that half a dozen courts—law, facts and all—can be bought in a certain city for much less than the profits at stake in the Joy purchase.

You recommend people to go on the land, and when they have done as you recommend and improved it, you turn round and tell them to get out because a speculator wants it.

JUSTICE.

I may add to the above that Delano, I have since learned, is largely interested in railroads, and a "fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." The railroad oligarchy is fast consolidating into a most dangerous despotism, and should be opposed as such. Men like Joy and his abettors have no more right to existence than a mad dog. They are the most malignant of traitors. Cheap land is the pivot of true Republicanism; that gone, we become split up into classes as in Europe and Asia, and then is the old, old story of which history is full, of ignorance made the tool of craft and wealth, of enthroned idleness, pampered prodigality and dishonored labor. Let us have a new party if we can. The Republican *Tribune* is almost as deep in the mud of one railroad rascality as is Democratic Fisk in the mire of another.

THE following is a translation of the recent appeal of the German Catholic theologians to the Catholics of Germany. The appeal has been drawn up by Dr. Dollinger:

1. We persist in the rejection of the Vaticanian infallibility and dogmas, which concede to the Pope personal infallibility and absolute power in the church notwithstanding the opposition of the bishops. 2. We persist in the firmly-grounded convictions that the Vaticanian decrees constitute a serious danger for the State and society, and are irreconcilable with the laws and institutions of existing States, and that their acceptance would involve us in an insoluble contradiction with our political duties and oaths. 3. The German bishops show by their differing and contradictory interpretations of the Vaticanian Dogmas that they know full well their novelty and are ashamed of them. We deplore such a use of the episcopal office. We deplore that the German bishops have not scrupled to answer in their latest pastoral to the cry of conscience of their dioceses with objurgations of reason and science. We reject the menaces of the bishops as unjustified, their compulsory measures as invalid and not obligatory. We know that their excommunications cannot deprive the faithful of their good right to the means of grace of the church, or the priests of the right to grant them; and we are resolved not to let our right be curtailed by the censures which have been passed for the furtherance of the false doctrines. 5. We live in the hope that the struggle which has broken out will, under a higher guidance, be the means to further and to realize the long-desired, inevitable reform of the clerical conditions in the constitution as well as in the life of the church. We hope for a real church regeneration, permitting every civilized Catholic nation to form, according to its inherent qualities and civilizatory mission, a free member of the body of the universal church; permitting the co-operation of clergy and laity in the formation of the life of the church, and the restoration of the church at the head of universal culture by a scientific episcopacy and primate. We hope by such a regeneration to be able to approach the highest aim of Christian development, the reuniting of all Christian confessions.

THE *Corry Telegraph* tells the following little anecdote of "the dark ways" of justice:

It seems that a man named Josiah Clark has for some time past been keeping a woman named Alice Beck at one of our leading hotels, and lavishing upon her attentions which belong exclusively to his wife. Mrs. Clark, getting wind of this little love affair, determined to nip it in the bud. To accomplish this she told her grievances to an officer, who forthwith proceeded to work the matter up. The result was, of course, that the woman was made the victim. She was arrested on Friday in Titusville, and brought to this city to be tried. After a hearing she was held in the sum of $100 for her appearance at the next term of court. The really guilty party to the proceedings goes scot free, and was not even required to face the music by appearing before the Justice. Such is human justice.

ART AND DRAMA.

Go and see Dubufe's great painting of the "Prodigal Son," at Leavitt's Art Gallery—an original picture of real merit by Edward Dubufe, son of the elder Dubufe and pupil of Paul Delaroche. The painting is on the grandest scale in point of size, comprising some twenty figures, life size. It is not altogether unknown to us. Mr. A. T. Stewart had a reduced copy in his gallery, and a well-executed line engraving may be found at Knoedler's, in the Fifth avenue.

The story of the Prodigal is told in three compartments. He is shown to us in his day of dissipation and profligacy; in his downfall, and in his repentant return. The artist has spent himself on the feasting, although the reconciliation had not only the advantage of that pathos which is its natural incident, but seems also to possess more elevation of tone and expressive meaning. The characteristic of the main picture is its gorgeous display of color, which vies with the richest effects of Rubens or Millais. The colors being so judiciously graded that all offense to the eye is avoided, and the extreme brilliancy is almost atmospheric in its harmony, though the most violent contrasts may be found in the treatment. The costumes are of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when rich fabrics and splendid tints were in full favor. The Prodigal is the centre figure, standing erect in the midst of his company of gay revellers. His costume of scarlet velvet makes a perfect blaze of central light. He supports two elegantly-draped women, one of whom wantonly reclines against him, while the other pours her soft seductions into his inattentive ear. He already has upon his face the shade of coming sorrow. The weariness of satiety oppresses him. The whole company about him are engaged in the business of love—not noble, soul-elevating, self-sacrificial, but the works of debasing sensuality. The revelry goes on in an open-air summer-house. At the feet of the Prodigal are a group listening to the enervating fascinations of a story-teller, crowned with laurel, the most intellectual looking of the whole assemblage. His large, expansive forehead, with small benevolence or veneration, shows the powers of intellect enlisted in the service of the senses, to the exclusion of the nobler faculties. The ladies grouped around him are less gross than those devoted to the pleasures of the table, but their dreary air and listless attitude show the enervation of the soul and the abandonment of all noble purposes. A group in the right foreground are engaged at dice, and the shades of character brought out by the one passion are finely rendered. The joy of the winner, the greed of one loser, and the despair of another, are very able. While the kinship of the vices, gaming and feasting, in their selfish aspects, make the episode particularly successful. A triad of dancing girls contribute to the tone of debauchery by their abandoned though graceful movements. This is an inconsistency, forasmuch as the Syrian dancing girl could scarcely have appeared in Italian scenery or the Italian company must be transported to Syrian surroundings. The scenery, by the way, seems intended for Syria. The composition is not novel: it is highly suggestive of Rubens in style and treatment, while the poet reading reminds us of pictures by the masters to the same purport. The drawing is far from powerful. The magnificent coloring, in fact, fills the mind, and there is no room nor desire for the discussion of details or analytical inquiry into motive and treatment. In one respect this picture is a model in its perfect harmony. All is subordinate to the one broad idea. It is a picture of feasting—not in its joyous, in its noble aspect; but the wasting of substance with harlots, those who make debauchery and self-indulgence the grand business of life. To this end all the countenances, whatever their differences of contour and complexion, have the same dominant expression—all the colors are instinct with warmth and voluptuous suggestion. No disturbing element is introduced. The gamblers are the only evidence of strong antagonistic emotion. The texture of the draperies is exquisite—the winning gambler, in his puce velvet doublet and bright steel cuirass, is a picture in itself.

Can our Americans paint such a picture? Why not? Will our American patrons—our Stewarts, Belmonts, Longworths—buy such a picture without the mint mark of a foreign name? This grand, broad, powerful school has as yet no encouragement among us. It is doubtful that we could find a place suitable for so large a work. Our public bodies do not patronize high art. Contract jobs and political portraits don't furnish much hopeful matter for art. But, with our growing list of able artists and liberal patrons, we live in hopes. Meanwhile it is to the honor of Mr. Derby that he should have brought us this picture, if only to direct and cultivate public taste. The last great imported pictures on public exhibition were those of Dore. Dubufe wants Dore's exhaustless versatility and creative power; on the other hand, he is very great in his mastery and management of color.

The National Academy summer exhibition is open to the public. Most of the pictures were in the winter exhibition, but there are some new paintings of great merit. 470 and 490, two excellent heads; a grand view of Colorado, very thin and sketchy, but very effective; 268, a nice picture by Louis Long; 477, a very powerful picture of wounded lion by Thayer. 468, a carefully finished picture by Grubner, the old cellarer tasting his wine, showing minute care and careful finish; 248, a fine head by Longfellow. Some favorites already noticed will bear revisiting, especially Page's head of Wendell Phillip and Ritchie's "lady and child" (29), one of the most charming subjects I have ever seen. I shall return to the Academy.

In amusements there is nothing of moment. A new play by Boucicault, "Elfie" has produced a slight emotion, but the pleasure seekers are all away at the seaside, on the race courses, or at the base ball meetings. The growth of out-door sports during the last twenty years is as noticeable as the improvement of public taste in art. The sweetness of a holiday in the free air, untrammeled by house restraints and out of the range of brick and mortar, are beginning to be understood among us. Erewhile we could only earn money, now we begin to learn how to spend it. Yachting, boating, racing, and open air pleasure, the promenade, and the drive supersede hot rooms and stifling assemblies. Nor are these goods confined to the rich; public parks and out-door music make life tolerable to the poor. Would there were only more fun and less work. W. H.

The New York *Herald* remarks: The number of new plays announced for production next season is something positively alarming, when we consider how and for whom they have been written. Every actor or actress in the variety or minstrel business, who has saved up sufficient means to purchase a play, seemingly intends deserting the business which has hitherto proved so lucrative to them, to become a "star" in a dramatic sense. If there are no failures next season, it won't be for want of incompetency. The following will give a faint idea of who and what is to be presented to the public next as first class attractions, a very few of them, from our own knowledge, really being deserving of success. Miss Clara Norris and J. S. Norton have a new drama from the German, called "Pietra and Manfred;" Lingard has a play, by Arthur Matthison, called "Una;" Lillie Eldredge an emotional drama called "Alma;" Joanna Pritchard, a play called "Aurumania," and another called "The Gap of Inchegora;" a child actress called Alberts will star with a new drama by McCloskey; D. L. Morris, the German dialect actor, a new drama entitled "Dollars;" James Maguire, a sensation piece, "Over the Falls;" G. Swaine Buckley, another piece of the same description, entitled "On the Track;" Kelly and Leon, three dramas, called "Yo Semite," "Dacotah" and "St. Domingo;" Miss Scott Rainforth and W. McFarland, a play entitled "Mabel;" Edwin Eddy has two new plays entitled "Across the River" and "Street Life;" and so on, almost without end. In addition to these pieces there are numerous other new dramas announced which will not depend on the ability of one actor for their success, and consequently are of a higher order.

[From Scribner's for July.]

UP THE AISLE—NELL LATINE'S WEDDING.

BY GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

Take my cloak—and now fix my veil, Jenny—
(How silly to cover one's face!
I might as well be an old woman;
But then there's one comfort—it's lace).
Well, what has become of those ushers?
Oh, Pa! have you got my bouquet?
I'll freeze standing here in the lobby—
Why doesn't the organist play?
They've started at last—what a bustle!
Stop, Pa! they're not far enough—wait!
One minute more—now! do keep step, Pa!
There drop my trail, Jane! is it straight?
(I hope I look timid and shrinking;
The church must be perfectly full.)
Good gracious! now don't walk so fast, Pa!
(He don't seem to think that trains pull.)
(The chancel at last!) Mind the step, Pa!
(I don't feel embarrassed at all—
But, my! what's the minister saying?
Oh, I know! that part 'bout Saint Paul.
I hope my position is graceful;
How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood!)
"Not lawfully be joined together—
Now speak"—(as if any one would!
Oh, dear, now it's my turn to answer—
I do wish that Pa would stand still,)
"Serve him, love, honor and keep him"
(How sweetly he says it)—I will.
(Where's Pa? there, I knew he'd forget it,
When the time came to give away,)
"I, Helen, take thee, love, cherish,
And"—(well, I can't help it)—"obey."
Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't drop it!
(I hope Charley's not lost the ring;
Just like him? no! goodness, how heavy!
It's really an elegant thing.
It's a shame to kneel down in white satin—
And the flounce real old lace—but I must;
I hope that they've got a clean cushion,
They are usually covered with dust,
All over)—ah! thanks! now, don't fuss, Pa!
Just throw back my vail, Charley—there—
(Oh, bother! why couldn't he kiss me
Without mussing up all my hair!)
Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ,
(Who'd think there would be such a crowd,
Oh, I mustn't look 'round, I'd forgotten)
See, Charley, who was it that bowed?
Why, it's Nelly Allaire, with her husband—
(She's awfully jealous, I know;
'Most all my things are imported,
And she had a home-made trousseau.
And there Annie Wheeler—Kate Hermon—
I didn't expect her at all—
If she's not in the same old blue satin
She wore at the Charity Ball!
Is that Fanny Wade? Edith Pearton—
And Emma and Joe—and all the girls?
I knew they'd not miss my wedding,
I hope they'll all notice my pearls.)
Is the carriage there? Give me my cloak, Jane,
Don't get it all over my vail,
No! you take the other seat, Charley,
I need all this for my trail.

WOMAN ITEMS.

THE ILLITERACY OF THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

[From the Hartford Courant.]

This fearful and ill-omened caption is not ours. We find it in the third number of the publication of the "Transactions of the American Association of Social Science." But the caption is not so startling as the facts that we find under it. It appears by a paper in the "Report of the Commissioner of Education" for 1870 on the illiteracy in the United States, that there is a large excess of female illiteracy. This fact will surprise a great many people, and especially is it remarkable in this day of what is called the elevation of woman. And it is still more remarkable when we see in what States of this Union this illiteracy is most prevailing. It seems by the tables of this report that while there are differences in the different sections of the country, the general rule is that there is a preponderancy of ignorant women everywhere. The average is from 150 to 180 women to every 100 men among the illiterate. But this is not the most startling fact.

Although the proportion of illiterate women decreased six per cent throughout the country, from 1850 to 1860, the proportion increased eleven per cent. in Maine, fifty-three in New Hampshire, twenty-seven in Vermont, thirty-four in Massachusetts, thirty-three in Rhode Island, sixteen in Connecticut, ten in New York, ten in Delaware, thirty-seven in the District of Columbia, nine in Georgia, three in Alabama, three in Florida, five in Mississippi, five in Louisiana, five in Texas, five in Arkansas, thirty-three in Wisconsin and thirty-two in Minnesota. It will be observed that these figures relate to a period before the war, so that the education of the colored women at the South does not help to account for the difference in favor of that section in the improvement in the intellectual condition of women. Is the retrograde movement in the Northern States due to immigration? It would seem not; for New Hampshire, which heads the list in degeneracy, has certainly fewer immigrants that Connecticut and New York.

And Wisconsin and Minnesota, which decrease in intelligence as alarmingly as Massachusetts, are largely settled by men and women of Scandinavia, who can generally read and write. What, then, is the trouble? The Social Science Association say that "these are significant figures, and they point even more directly than the needle to the pole to the necessity of taking a fresh start in the so called development of women. It is plain enough that the first thing they need is not the suffrage, not the professions, not the public offices, but the alphabet. 'In my opinion,' says one of Mrs. Austen's heroes, 'nature has given women so much that they never find it necessary to use more than half.' That's just the trouble, and until women learn that they, as well as men, must use the whole, they will continue to suffer. We commend to women's clubs, women's journals and women's platforms, education, simple education, as the one thing needful to the sex, and as needful in the United States as throughout the civilized or uncivilized world."

There is hope that this state of things will not always continue in the establishment of such schools as Vassar; for it is admitted that besides this illiteracy, and no doubt related to it, is an indifference among women to general affairs which interest men. We do not mean political affairs, for too few men are intelligently interested in politics, but in the goings on of the world at large—in the life that is represented in the daily newspaper. The number of women who read, in the most cursory manner, the newspaper, is small. We suppose that it will not be disputed that the women are few who read or converse with each other as men do with each other concerning the larger questions of life, the new things in science, literature, travel, the social problems, the constitutions of foreign people, the general life of the globe, in short (exclusive of home politics, let us say, in order to make the distinction clearer). There is still more hope for women in the establishment of such schools as the Simmons Female College in Boston, where women are to be taught medicines, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy and other branches of science, art and industry, best calculated to enable the scholars to acquire an independent livelihood. Mr. John Simmons, who endowed the school, was an employer of women in the manufacture of ready-made clothing, and he discovered that what women most require is not "employment" but "training." There is work enough for women to do if they were fitted to do it; at least their chances for paying work are as good as the chances of men—equal strength and training being granted.

Upon this point Florence Nightingale, who has had much experience, speaks with authority. She says: "People cry out and deplore the unremunerative employment for women. The true want is the other way. Women really trained and capable of good work can command any wages or salaries. We can't get the women. The remunerative employment is there, and in plenty. The want is the women fit to take it. Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men." It seems, therefore, that there is a great work for women who are well informed and sensible of the need of their sex generally, to do. Are they doing it?

Florence Nightingale tells us, how women have given the very shoes off their feet, the very suppers out of their children's mouths, to the poor sufferers in the awful war—not of their own creed—not of their own thinking or way of living at all—but in the truest spirit of Christian charity all have given, every man, woman and child, above pauperism. So general a collection among the "working classes" never has been, not even for our own Patriotic Fund. Poor congregations of all kinds—"Puritan" chapels in my own dear hills of Derbyshire, national schools, factories, poor negro congregations in the West Indies; in London, ragged school-children, who, having nothing to give, gave up their only feast in the year, that the money might be applied to the orphans in the war, 'who want it more than we.' London Dissenting congregations, without a single rich member, who sent their large collections; poor working-women's parties, who made up warm clothing for the sufferers in that frightful Winter campaign, and refused to be paid for it, and then the children making their little birthday presents for the 'Lord Christ,' for Him to give to the children made homeless and well nigh hopeless by the war."

A New Orleans Judge riding in the cars recently, from a single glance at the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured a remark that the day was pleasant, she only saying "Yes." "Why do you wear a vail?" inquired the dispenser of justice. "Lest I attract attention." "It is the province of gentlemen to admire," replied the gallant man of law. "Not when they are married." "But I'm not." "Indeed!" "Oh, no; I'm a bachelor!" The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law.

Fontenelle, at the age of ninety-seven, after saying many able and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed her once without perceiving her. "See," said she, stopping and addressing him, "how I ought to value your gallantries! You pass me without even looking at me." "Madame," said the old man, "if I had looked at you, I could not have passed."

Mrs. Anna Place, of Portland, Maine, has lived to the age of 102 years. She is the widow of a revolutionary soldier who enlisted in Lee, New Hampshire, and served throughout the war, and she now receives a pension from the government. She still retains her mental and physical faculties to a remarkable degree.

Of eighty-three ladies who left a popular restaurant at Boston last Saturday, only nine came out of the door looking in the direction they meant to pursue; the rest all took half a dozen paces while they were looking the contrary way. A person paid to take notes so reported, and a heavy wager was won on it.

A singular suit has been brought in Boston, by Martha Davis and Sarah Gooch, against the directors of "The Home for Aged and Indigent Females," for turning them out of the institution. They demand $10,000 apiece for the alleged outrage.

Miss Phebe Cary is making a visit to her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, in Cambridge, Mass. She has been ill for several weeks, but is improving.

Miss Fowler is a leading physician in Orange, N. J. It is to be hoped that she enjoys a full share of the practice.

The Philadelphia girls are found to become street car conductors. There would be some chance then of a woman getting aboard, in that polite village.

Mary Cook is reputed as one of the best file cutters in Indianapolis. Her work being good, how as to her wages?

Dr. Mary A. Wattles is doing a good business in Linn County, Kansas; she cuts the combs of a good many of the male medicos.

The New England Spiritualists have held a convention in Boston, and disposed of some bad blood, as follows: "Resolved, That we regard with deserved contempt the affectation of certain lukewarm friends of the woman suffrage movement, inasmuch as while depending on such Spiritualists as Mrs. Victoria Blood (known by her business style as Mrs. Woodhull) for their most effective work and warmest support, they seem to ignore her services as far as possible, and insult all Spiritualists by such language in their conventions as the Boston *Traveller* ascribes to Charles W. Slack at the Woman's Suffrage Convention." The offensive language used by Mr. Slack was as follows: "He counseled his hearers not to trouble themselves with the remarks thrown in their teeth that they must associate with Spiritualists and others of dubious character." After the above resolve, our readers will be prepared to hear that the Spiritualists indorsed free-love.

Theodore Thomas' concerts at Central Park Garden, continue to be the attraction of our delightful summer evenings, and the youth and beauty of the metropolis who still resist the charms of Long Branch and other fashionable watering-places, may be seen there in brilliant array, listening to the charming music, admiring the fascinating director from a safe distance, flirting pretty generally, and ever and anon partaking of some cool, delicious beverage, for which the place is famous.

Less noise—offensive to musical ears—is heard there this season than heretofore, and much more regard is paid to the refinements of life. A better class of visitors is, of course, the result, and the style of music has improved, so that all tastes are gratified. The "Kaiser March" has been for some days a special card; and, though it is martial and grand, we can hardly imagine an army being led to the battle-field to its sombre melody. It is very much like all Wagner's compositions—great but mysterious—and it needs a frequent hearing to enable the mind to grasp its strong points. The entertainments are much more artistic than anything we have had in the city for a long time, and we believe that Theodore Thomas' orchestra is, beyond a doubt, the best in the country.

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A NEW WEEKLY PAPER, CREATED BY

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ALETIC CHINA WATER TESTIMONIAL.

195 Leffert's place, Brooklyn, June 12, 1871.

COPY OF LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 11, 1870.

Capt. A. W. Lavender.—Dear Sir,—When at Watertown last week General Pratt informed me he had received a letter from you in which you spoke of a medicine you had been taking that had cured you, and inquired for me that I might be informed of it and try it in my case. I have been bad for fifteen months, and nearly given up my case. All physicians who have examined me declare it to be *scyrrhus stomach, or cancerous*. Whether it is so or not, I have been reduced some forty pounds in flesh and am unable to engage in business.

I have been spending the summer in the Rocky Mountains, and thought I was better, but find the difficulty continues, and write for the purpose of having you send me a dozen bottles of the Aletic China Water.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) MARTIN THATCHER,
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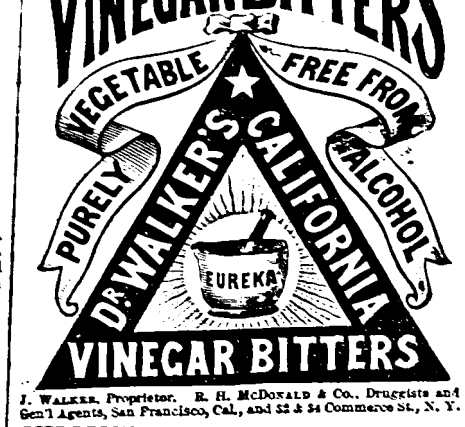

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P. S.—Please write your address plainly. 60

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
COMMENCING JUNE 20, 1870.

Passenger Station in New York, corner of Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue. Entrance on Twenty-seventh street.

TRAINS LEAVE NEW YORK,

For New Haven and Bridgeport, 7, 8 (Ex.), 11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 3 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 8 (Ex.) p. m.

For Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Southport and Westport, 7, 11:30 a. m.; 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 p. m.

For Norwalk, 7, 8 (Ex.), 9, 11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 3 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30 (Ex.), 5:30, 6:30 and 8 (Ex.) p. m.

For Darien, 7, 9, 11:30 a. m.; 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 6.30 p. m.

For Stamford, 7, 8 (Ex.), 9, 11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 2:15, 3 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30 (Ex.), 4:45, 5:30, 6:30, 7:15, 8 (Ex.) p. m.

For Greenwich and intermediate stations, 7, 9, 11:30 a. m.; 2:15, 3:45, 4:45, 5:30, 6:30, 7:15 p. m.

Sunday Mail Train leaves Twenty seventh street, New York, at 7 p. m. for Boston, via both Springfield Line and Shore Line.

CONNECTING TRAINS.

For Boston, via Springfield, 8 a. m., 3 and 8 p. m.

For Boston, via Shore Line, 12:15, 8 p. m.

For Hartford and Springfield, 8 a. m., 12:15, 2, 4:30 p. m. to Hartford, 8 p. m.

For Newport, R. I., 12:15 p. m. (Ex.), connecting with steamer across Narragansett Bay, arriving at 8:30 p. m.

For Connecticut River Railroad, 8 a. m., 12:15 p. m. to Montreal, 3 p. m. to Northampton.

For Hartford, Providence, and Fishkill Railroad, 8 a. m.; 12:15 p. m.

For Shore Line Railway, at 8 a. m. to Norwich and Providence; 12:15, 3; to New London, 8 p. m.

For New Haven and Northampton Railroad, 8 a. m.; 3 p. m. to Northampton and Williamsburgh.

For Housatonic Railroad, 8 a. m. and 3 p. m.

For Naugatuck Railroad, 8 a. m., 3 p. m., and 4:30 p. m. to Waterbury.

For Danbury and Norwalk Railroad, 7 a. m., 12:15 and 4:30 p. m.

For New Canaan Railroad, 7 a. m.; 12:15, 4:30 and 5:30 p. m.

Commodious Sleeping Cars attached to 8 p. m. train, and also to Sunday Mail Train on either Line. Drawing-Room Car attached to the 8 a. m. and 3 p. m. trains.

JAMES H. HOYT, Superintendent.

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—Passenger and Freight Depot in New York, foot of Liberty street; connects at Hampton Junction with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and at Easton with the Lehigh Valley Railroad and its connections, forming a direct line to Pittsburgh and the West without change of cars.

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SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing May 10, 1870—Leave New York as follows:

5:30 A. M.—For Plainfield.

6:00 A. M.—For Easton, Bethlehem, Manch Chunk, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Mahanoy City, Tukhannock, Towanda, Waverly, etc.

7:30 A. M.—For Easton.

12 M.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Manch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Litiz, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg, etc.

2 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, etc.

3:30 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, Manch Chunk and Belvidere.

4:30 P. M.—For Somerville and Flemington.

5:15 P. M.—For Somerville.

6 P. M.—For Easton.

7 P. M.—For Somerville.

7:45 P. M.—For Easton.

9 P. M.—For Plainfield.

12 P. M.—For Plainfield on Sundays only.

Trains leave for Elizabeth at 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:20, 10:30, 11:40 A. M., 12:00 M., 1:00, 2:00, 2:15, 3:15, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:00, 6:20, 7:00, 7:45, 9:00, 10:45, 12:00 P. M.

FOR THE WEST.

9 A. M.—WESTERN EXPRESS, daily (except Sundays—For Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg and the West, without change of cars to Cincinnati or Chicago, and but one change to St. Louis. Connects at Harrisburg for Erie and the Oil Regions. Connects at Somerville for Flemington. Connects at Junction for Stroudsburg, Water Gap, Scranton, etc. Connects at Phillipsburg for Manch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, etc.

5:00 P. M.—CINCINNATI EXPRESS, daily, for Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Cincinnati. Sleeping cars to Pittsburgh and Chicago. Connects at Junction with D., L. and W. R. R. for Scranton.

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EQUALITY A RIGHT OF WOMAN.

BY TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

The object of the author in presenting this book to the public was:

First, To show that woman has the same human rights which men have.

Second, To point out wherein a condition of servitude has been involuntarily accepted by women as a substitute for equality, they in the meantime laboring under the delusion that they were above instead of [illegible] equality.

Third, To prove that it is a duty which women owe to themselves to become fully individualized persons, responsible to themselves and capable of maintaining such responsibility.

Fourth, To demonstrate that the future welfare of humanity demands of women that they prepare themselves to be the mothers of children, who shall be pure in body and mind, and that all other considerations of life should be made subservient to this their high mission as the artists of humanity.

Fifth, That every child born has the natural right to live, and that society is responsible for the condition in which he or she is admitted to be a constituent and modifying part of itself.

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1. For paving Broome street, between Broadway and Centre street, with Belgian pavement, and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

2. For paving Bayard street, between Bowery and Baxter street, with Belgian pavement, and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

3. For paving Willett street, from Grand to Rivington street, with Belgian pavement, and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

4. For paving Thirty-second street, from Second avenue to East River, with Belgian pavement, and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

5. For paving Forty-fifth street, from Second avenue to East River, with Belgian pavement, and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

6. For paving Fifty-first street, from Broadway to Eighth avenue, with Belgian pavement, and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

7. For paving Fifty-second street, from Eighth to Ninth avenue, with Belgian pavement and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

8. For paving Astor Place, from Fourth avenue to Broadway, with Belgian pavement, and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

9. For paving Eighth street, from Fourth avenue to Broadway, with Belgian pavement, and laying crosswalks at the intersecting streets where required.

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11. For sewer in One Hundred and Fifteenth street, from Avenue A to First avenue.

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14. For sewer in Sixty-fifth street, from First to Third avenue.

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17. For curb, gutter and flagging First avenue, from Thirty-third to Thirty-fourth street.

18. For flagging One Hundred and Twenty-third street, from Third to Fourth avenue.

19. For flagging Fifty-ninth street, from North to Tenth avenue.

20. For flagging Fifty-fifth street, from Broadway to Eighth avenue.

21. For flagging Greenwich street, from Liberty to Canal street.

22. For furnishing this department with [illegible] basin heads and their appurtenances.

Blank forms of proposals, the [illegible] agreements, the proper [illegible] the bids, and any further [illegible] obtained on application to the [illegible] office.

WILLIAM M. TWEED,
Commissioner of Public Works.

NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1871. 4 45

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Particular request is made to all who desire to address us, concerning reports of any class of entertainments or editorial affairs, that no letter shall be sent to any individual except the Editor-in-Chief.

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